



Class FR 4699

Book F1846 H6
1841a



33663
4732 C
51

HORÆ POETICÆ.

ALSO

A Popular Epistle

ON

THE UTILITY OF THE CLASSICS.

✓
HORÆ POETICÆ.

In Three Parts.

PART I.

THE SPIRITUAL APPLICATION OF THE CLASSICS.

PART II.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE PROSERPINE OF CLAUDIAN.

PART III.

LYRICS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED,

A POPULAR EPISTLE

ON

THE UTILITY OF THE CLASSICS.

..... *si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus.*



LONDON :

Privately Printed.

MCCCXLI.

PR 4699
.F1846 H6
1841a

LONDON :
Printed by Maurice, Clark, and Co., Howford Buildings,
Fenchurch Street.

CONTENTS.

Part I.

THE SPIRITUAL APPLICATION OF THE CLASSICS:

| | |
|---|----------|
| Preface | page vii |
| Introduction | ix |
| Hodie | 1 |
| Vox et præterea Nihil | 6 |
| Proserpine | 9 |
| The Areopagus | 13 |
| The Golden Age | 18 |
| Et Tu quoque, Brute! | 19 |
| Lethe | 22 |
| No Heart, no Hope | 27 |
| Tu ne cede Malis Festina lente, &c. | 32 |
| Ex loco Labor | 37 |
| Honos Onus | 40 |
| Lex currat Salica | 46 |
| Hoc Age | 51 |
| Minerva | 55 |
| Jehovah | 60 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| Paraphrase of the General Thanksgiving . . . | page 65 |
| Epitaph on a Young and Virtuous Friend . . . | 66 |

Part II.

| | |
|---|----|
| PARAPHRASE OF THE PROSERPINE OF CLAUDIAN, . | 67 |
| Preface | 69 |
| Introduction | 73 |
| Canto I. | 77 |
| Canto II. | 99 |

Part III.

| | |
|--|-----|
| LYRICS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, | 131 |
| Lines suggested by a Moonlight Painting | 133 |
| To General M——, on his leaving Spain | 141 |
| Reply to the Question, ‘ What is Friendship ?’ . . . | 142 |
| Lines written on Twynbarlwm | 143 |
| On the Pen | 144 |
| Origin of the Forget-me-Not | 145 |
| To ——, on her third Birth-day | 147 |
| A Simile | 151 |
| To ——, on her fifth Birth-day | 152 |
| In an Album | 153 |
| A Ballad | 154 |
| EPISTLE ON THE UTILITY OF THE CLASSICS . . . | 179 |

Part I.



THE

SPIRITUAL APPLICATION

OF

THE CLASSICS.

P R E F A C E.

THE knowledge of the Triune Creator, self-existent in an infinity of Omniscience, Omnipotence, and Goodness, can alone be learned in His own eternal Word,—the Book of Revelation. From the same record alone can be gained a conviction of His stupendous mercy, as displayed in Man's redemption, and in the bringing of life and immortality to light through Christ Jesus.

As a subsidiary volume for our edification, another book has been mercifully submitted to our perusal, viz. the 'Book of Nature.' For the comprehension of this, we possess the sublimest faculties, would we but duly cultivate and rightly employ them.

The great apostle, St. Paul, and those devoted ministers of the Lord,—Job, Isaiah, and Moses, have vouchsafed to corroborate their all-important arguments by facts, gleaned from the last-mentioned volume. Not unfrequently, too, has the great Founder of Christianity illustrated his doctrines by natural emblems and para-

bles. Hence it may be inferred, that it is the duty of all Christian tutors and scholars, in humble imitation of their Divine Master, to contemplate Nature's book with a spiritualized view; and the more so, since the improvements in modern science have greatly facilitated its perusal. No inconsiderable chapter in this book is the natural history of Man in his unregenerate state, which is fully elucidated under the head of the "Greek and Latin Classics."

In most of our academic institutions, tutors have used, and will, in all probability, long continue to use, this part of the volume alluded to. It were desirable, then, that such portions of it as may furnish striking subjects for spiritual themes by emblem and parable, should be spiritually studied, and not solely, as heretofore, for improvement in language and history. With this feeling the following selections have been sent to the press. It is presumed they may serve as examples to junior students for similar essays, and not be unacceptable to general readers, by awakening their classical and historical reminiscences.

Hampton-Wick,
July 1841.

INTRODUCTION.

To CHARITY is dedicated
This Volume, at whose feet prostrated,
The rhymers claim for ev'ry page
Acceptance kind and patronage ;
Craving the lovely dame to throw
O'er its defects her skirt of snow ;
To view with lenient eye each part
That contravenes the rule of Art,
But with unsparing hand efface
What Truth and Virtue would erase.
Then, Reader, stop ! who art in want
Of Charity this boon to grant :
Here stop !—and know that ev'ry line
Thou further read'st, I would define
A trespass ; for my Muse will own
As welcome readers those alone

Who, when they've conn'd my dedication,
Claim with my Patroness relation :
To such she dares a word bestow,
Th' origin of her rhymes to show.
When, for the maladies unholy
Of Idleness and Melancholy,
Reason prescrib'd some occupation
Of serious sort, in contemplation
Vainly rov'd my wilder'd mind,
A novel, pleasing theme to find.
At last the matchless Theme of themes,
'The Riches of God's goodness' seems ;
A theme, too, that the mental eye
Can nothing like or next it spy.*
Granted, the theme has oft before
Grac'd poet's lay and sage's lore,
In ev'ry age, on ev'ry shore ;
Yet ne'er can finite reason's might
Exhaust a subject infinite.
First, in the TRIUNE Essence, see,
From sinful mixture's *least* tint free,

* " Nil simile aut secundum."

A boundless, fathomless ocean-flood
 Of infinitely perfect good,
 Source* nor termination knowing,
 Eternally with love o'erflowing.
 Next on his works attention cast,
 From least to greatest, first to last,
 Behold to each a streamlet sped
 Of goodness from that ocean-bed !
 Behold, not one of things created,
 Of which ill can be predicated
 Entirely ; since the Schools deny
 To God a perfect contrary,†
 Not one‡ but Goodness deigns to bless
 At least with *some one* usefulness ;
 With man, unworthy man, the end
 To which that usefulness may tend.
 The rolling globe's unbounded store
 Of sparkling gems and precious ore,

* The Alpha and Omega of all that we can conceive or know, and yet without beginning or end.

† Ipse enim Diabolus, quâ 'ens,' et a Deo creatus, bonus est.

‡ Sit et hara, ara.

With all upon and in its breast,
From central cave to mountain-crest,
For man was made ; but not the earth
Could bring the inert clay to birth.
Should Goodness cease its pow'rs to crown,
By dropping life and fatness down ;
Goodness again, with fix'd intent,
Renders that fatness nourishment
To thankless man. Yet all of this,
Though great, is still but earthly bliss :
These are God's left-hand blessings ; these
The least of all his favours please.
His goodness, not content to pour
On man earth's unexhausted store,
Nor bound his views by earth alone,
With heav'n his earthly path has strewn.
Yes ! all in heav'n-appointed chance,
All in apparent Providence,
All in nature, all in art,
Each storied line contains a part
Of Goodness secretly enshrin'd,
Would man but take the pains to find.

The jewel, thus in silver set,
Lurks in the secret cabinet
As in its mine,—perchance a token
Of worldly faithfulness unbroken.
Why has the crimson'd classic page
To us come down unscath'd by age,
But to proclaim since time began
The state of unregen'rate man?
Perhaps we quit poetic bounds,
In lieu of sense to deal in sounds,
To say our very body's meat
With heav'n is spic'd, if not replete.
Food to our better part is giv'n
By food,—then food is spic'd with heav'n.
Apparel, business, recreation
Not to the body oblectation
Alone impart; with bland control
They clothe, refresh, and cheer the soul.
Bladeless and bleak, to careless eyes
A worthless void, the desert lies;
Yet, under Afric's arid plain
Unnotic'd lurks the golden grain.

Oh ! should our eyes Religion ope,
All Nature but a telescope
Appears, in whose dark lens we trace
God's goodness to a fallen race ;
Through which refulgent glories shine
Of ONE, ineffably divine.
'Neath Polytheism's motley pall
The lamp of Truth was dim and small ;
Then hill and valley, stream and tree,
Were hallow'd by Divinity ;
Each tiny flow'ret's hue and face
Were emblems of a latent grace.
A flow'ret gave to Ajax fame,
Tinted his fate* and trac'd his name :
Yea ! much of Pagan lore did lie
In floral physiognomy.
But now, in Learning's sunnier day,
Fades Superstition's mist away ;

* The flower, into which this hero was changed, was of a blood-red colour, symbolic of his violent death. The veins of the leaves formed the letters AI, the first and second letters of his Greek name, which also mean *Alas* !

Shall bounteous Nature bloom in vain,
And man still unimprov'd remain ?
Be it the aim of education,
To ev'ry man in ev'ry station,
The SPIRITUAL end of things to learn,
Not their mere temporal use discern.
And not alone in Nature's bow'rs
Are blooming emblematic flow'rs ;
Science and Art have gardens, where
Smile many a gay and sweet parterre,
Whence we may fragrant bouquets tie
From Story, Song, or Heraldry,
And fadeless moral garlands twine,
Quintessenc'd with perfume divine.
Hence are my emblems, tied as found,
By no synthetic riband bound,*
Nor deftly match'd in trim array,
A vivid contrast to display.
But should my floral emblems' bloom,
By aught they share of true perfume,
One reader to the garden send,

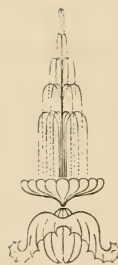
* " Arena sine calce," as Caligula said of Seneca's works.

Where flow'rs in bloom eternal blend,*
My hope will then o'erleap its pale,
Its acme my ambition scale.
Past is the hour for moral lore
To teach aught unbeknown before :
Little have poets left to scan,
From Paraguay to Hindostan.
Since to the stratum of my brain
Nature denies invention's vein,
My prosy rhymes, I humbly ween,
(As dead weights move the slow machine,)
Are means whereby the wheels of thought
May be to truer movement brought,
And one, perchance, be mov'd to try
In life this 'Holy Chemistry':—
To let nought unregarded pass,
Nor leaf, nor flow'r, nor blade of grass,
Whence in his heart he can, at will,
An essence spiritual distil.
This is th' elixir true of life,
The panacea of mortal strife,

* Scriptural meditation.

The real alchymy, whose use
Forborne admits of no excuse ;
For neither poverty nor wealth
Excuse the soul's neglected health.
In this respect, the world's expanse
Is ev'ry man's inheritance :
To ev'ry man its moral store
Is open, be he rich or poor.
The bee has privilege to roam
At will, to stock her honied home
With treasure rare from ev'ry flow'r,
By peasant's cot or monarch's bow'r,
Her visits oft a favour deem'd,
Herself no trespasser esteem'd.
Kind reader ! in old-fashion'd way,
With VALE ! VALE ! ends my lay.





(1. p. 2.)

CONTENTS.

Part I.

THE SPIRITUAL APPLICATION OF THE CLASSICS:

| | |
|---|----------|
| Preface | page vii |
| Introduction | ix |
| Hodie | 1 |
| Vox et præterea Nihil | 6 |
| Proserpine | 9 |
| The Areopagus | 13 |
| The Golden Age | 18 |
| Et Tu quoque, Brute ! | 19 |
| Lethe | 22 |
| No Heart, no Hope | 27 |
| Tu ne cede Malis Festina lente, &c. | 32 |
| Ex loco Labor | 37 |
| Honos Onus | 40 |
| Lex currat Salica | 46 |
| Hoc Age | 51 |
| Minerva | 55 |
| Jehovah | 60 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| Paraphrase of the General Thanksgiving . . . | page 65 |
| Epitaph on a Young and Virtuous Friend . . . | 66 |

Part II.

| | |
|---|----|
| PARAPHRASE OF THE PROSERPINE OF CLAUDIAN, . . | 67 |
| Preface | 69 |
| Introduction | 73 |
| Canto I. | 77 |
| Canto II. | 99 |

Part III.

| | |
|--|-----|
| LYRICS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, | 131 |
| Lines suggested by a Moonlight Painting | 133 |
| To General M——, on his leaving Spain | 141 |
| Reply to the Question, ‘What is Friendship?’ | 142 |
| Lines written on Twynbarlwm | 143 |
| On the Pen | 144 |
| Origin of the Forget-me-Not | 145 |
| To ——, on her third Birth-day | 147 |
| A Simile | 151 |
| To ——, on her fifth Birth-day | 152 |
| In an Album | 153 |
| A Ballad | 154 |
| EPISTLE ON THE UTILITY OF THE CLASSICS | 179 |

Part I.



THE

SPIRITUAL APPLICATION

OF

THE CLASSICS.

P R E F A C E.

THE knowledge of the Triune Creator, self-existent in an infinity of Omniscience, Omnipotence, and Goodness, can alone be learned in His own eternal Word,—the Book of Revelation. From the same record alone can be gained a conviction of His stupendous mercy, as displayed in Man's redemption, and in the bringing of life and immortality to light through Christ Jesus.

As a subsidiary volume for our edification, another book has been mercifully submitted to our perusal, viz. the 'Book of Nature.' For the comprehension of this, we possess the sublimest faculties, would we but duly cultivate and rightly employ them.

The great apostle, St. Paul, and those devoted ministers of the Lord,—Job, Isaiah, and Moses, have vouchsafed to corroborate their all-important arguments by facts, gleaned from the last-mentioned volume. Not unfrequently, too, has the great Founder of Christianity illustrated his doctrines by natural emblems and para-

bles. Hence it may be inferred, that it is the duty of all Christian tutors and scholars, in humble imitation of their Divine Master, to contemplate Nature's book with a spiritualized view; and the more so, since the improvements in modern science have greatly facilitated its perusal. No inconsiderable chapter in this book is the natural history of Man in his unregenerate state, which is fully elucidated under the head of the "Greek and Latin Classics."

In most of our academic institutions, tutors have used, and will, in all probability, long continue to use, this part of the volume alluded to. It were desirable, then, that such portions of it as may furnish striking subjects for spiritual themes by emblem and parable, should be spiritually studied, and not solely, as heretofore, for improvement in language and history. With this feeling the following selections have been sent to the press. It is presumed they may serve as examples to junior students for similar essays, and not be unacceptable to general readers, by awakening their classical and historical reminiscences.

Hampton-Wick,
July 1841.

INTRODUCTION.

To CHARITY is dedicated
This Volume, at whose feet prostrated,
The rhymers claims for ev'ry page
Acceptance kind and patronage ;
Craving the lovely dame to throw
O'er its defects her skirt of snow ;
To view with lenient eye each part
That contravenes the rule of Art,
But with unsparing hand efface
What Truth and Virtue would erase.
Then, Reader, stop ! who art in want
Of Charity this boon to grant :
Here stop !—and know that ev'ry line
Thou further read'st, I would define
A trespass ; for my Muse will own
As welcome readers those alone

Who, when they've conn'd my dedication,
Claim with my Patroness relation :
To such she dares a word bestow,
Th' origin of her rhymes to show.
When, for the maladies unholy
Of Idleness and Melancholy,
Reason prescrib'd some occupation
Of serious sort, in contemplation
Vainly rov'd my wilder'd mind,
A novel, pleasing theme to find.
At last the matchless Theme of themes,
'The Riches of God's goodness' seems ;
A theme, too, that the mental eye
Can nothing like or next it spy.*
Granted, the theme has oft before
Grac'd poet's lay and sage's lore,
In ev'ry age, on ev'ry shore ;
Yet ne'er can finite reason's might
Exhaust a subject infinite.
First, in the TRIUNE Essence, see,
From sinful mixture's *least* tint free,

* " Nil simile aut secundum."

A boundless, fathomless ocean-flood
 Of infinitely perfect good,
 Source* nor termination knowing,
 Eternally with love o'erflowing.
 Next on his works attention cast,
 From least to greatest, first to last,
 Behold to each a streamlet sped
 Of goodness from that ocean-bed !
 Behold, not one of things created,
 Of which ill can be predicated
 Entirely ; since the Schools deny
 To God a perfect contrary,†
 Not one‡ but Goodness deigns to bless
 At least with *some one* usefulness ;
 With man, unworthy man, the end
 To which that usefulness may tend.
 The rolling globe's unbounded store
 Of sparkling gems and precious ore,

* The Alpha and Omega of all that we can conceive or know, and yet without beginning or end.

† Ipse enim Diabolus, quâ ' ens,' et a Deo creatus, bonus est.

‡ Sit et hara, ara.

With all upon and in its breast,
From central cave to mountain-crest,
For man was made ; but not the earth
Could bring the inert clay to birth.
Should Goodness cease its pow'rs to crown,
By dropping life and fatness down ;
Goodness again, with fix'd intent,
Renders that fatness nourishment
To thankless man. Yet all of this,
Though great, is still but earthly bliss :
These are God's left-hand blessings ; these
The least of all his favours please.
His goodness, not content to pour
On man earth's unexhausted store,
Nor bound his views by earth alone,
With heav'n his earthly path has strewn.
Yes ! all in heav'n-appointed chance,
All in apparent Providence,
All in nature, all in art,
Each storied line contains a part
Of Goodness secretly enshrin'd,
Would man but take the pains to find.

The jewel, thus in silver set,
Lurks in the secret cabinet
As in its mine,—perchance a token
Of worldly faithfulness unbroken.
Why has the crimson'd classic page
To us come down unscath'd by age,
But to proclaim since time began
The state of unregen'rate man?
Perhaps we quit poetic bounds,
In lieu of sense to deal in sounds,
To say our very body's meat
With heav'n is spic'd, if not replete.
Food to our better part is giv'n
By food,—then food is spic'd with heav'n.
Apparel, business, recreation
Not to the body oblectation
Alone impart; with bland control
They clothe, refresh, and cheer the soul.
Bladeless and bleak, to careless eyes
A worthless void, the desert lies;
Yet, under Afric's arid plain
Unnotic'd lurks the golden grain.

Oh ! should our eyes Religion ope,
All Nature but a telescope
Appears, in whose dark lens we trace
God's goodness to a fallen race ;
Through which refulgent glories shine
Of ONE, ineffably divine.
'Neath Polytheism's motley pall
The lamp of Truth was dim and small ;
Then hill and valley, stream and tree,
Were hallow'd by Divinity ;
Each tiny flow'ret's hue and face
Were emblems of a latent grace.
A flow'ret gave to Ajax fame,
Tinted his fate* and trac'd his name :
Yea ! much of Pagan lore did lie
In floral physiognomy.
But now, in Learning's sunnier day,
Fades Superstition's mist away ;

* The flower, into which this hero was changed, was of a blood-red colour, symbolic of his violent death. The veins of the leaves formed the letters AI, the first and second letters of his Greek name, which also mean *Alas* !

Shall bounteous Nature bloom in vain,
And man still unimprov'd remain ?
Be it the aim of education,
To ev'ry man in ev'ry station,
The SPIRITUAL end of things to learn,
Not their mere temporal use discern.
And not alone in Nature's bow'rs
Are blooming emblematic flow'rs ;
Science and Art have gardens, where
Smile many a gay and sweet parterre,
Whence we may fragrant bouquets tie
From Story, Song, or Heraldry,
And fadeless moral garlands twine,
Quintessenc'd with perfume divine.
Hence are my emblems, tied as found,
By no synthetic riband bound,*
Nor deftly match'd in trim array,
A vivid contrast to display.
But should my floral emblems' bloom,
By aught they share of true perfume,
One reader to the garden send,

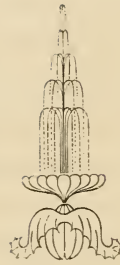
* "Arena sine calce," as Caligula said of Seneca's works.

Where flow'rs in bloom eternal blend,*
My hope will then o'erleap its pale,
Its acme my ambition scale.
Past is the hour for moral lore
To teach aught unbeknown before :
Little have poets left to scan,
From Paraguay to Hindostan.
Since to the stratum of my brain
Nature denies invention's vein,
My prosy rhymes, I humbly ween,
(As dead weights move the slow machine,)
Are means whereby the wheels of thought
May be to truer movement brought,
And one, perchance, be mov'd to try
In life this ' Holy Chemistry ' :—
To let nought unregarded pass,
Nor leaf, nor flow'r, nor blade of grass,
Whence in his heart he can, at will,
An essence spiritual distil.
This is th' elixir true of life,
The panacea of mortal strife,

* Scriptural meditation.

The real alchymy, whose use
Forborne admits of no excuse ;
For neither poverty nor wealth
Excuse the soul's neglected health.
In this respect, the world's expanse
Is ev'ry man's inheritance :
To ev'ry man its moral store
Is open, be he rich or poor.
The bee has privilege to roam
At will, to stock her honied home
With treasure rare from ev'ry flow'r,
By peasant's cot or monarch's bow'r,
Her visits oft a favour deem'd,
Herself no trespasser esteem'd.
Kind reader ! in old-fashion'd way,
With VALE ! VALE ! ends my lay.





THE
SPIRITUAL APPLICATION
OF
THE CLASSICS.

H O D I E !

Tarquin and the Cumæan Sybil—Horace's Clown—Rubicon.

IN lordly Rome's imperial hour,
When Tarquin sway'd the rod of pow'r,
An aged Sybil hail'd the king,
Nine mystic volumes proffering.
The monarch grudg'd the price to pay :
The dame, rejected, went her way.
Three in the fire she quickly threw,
But soon return'd ; with zeal anew
She dares the primal price affix,
Though of the nine remain but six.
Denied again, three more she burns,
Again undauntedly returns,

And tenders now the dwindled trine
Precisely at the price of nine.
The tyrant-prince her zeal admir'd,
And gave at last the price desir'd.
Long in these mystic tomes of fate
Lay the salvation of the state.
Did pestilence with heavy hand,
Or war or famine vex the land ?
These they consulted : hence they learnt
What sacrifice, on altars burnt,
Or rites would threaten'd ills prevent,
Or banish those already sent.
Prizing aright, from what remain'd,
The treasure that the whole contain'd,
Often and late, with vain lament,
Did Rome her monarch's thrift repent.

See, proffer'd thus in early youth,
SALVATION in the BOOK of TRUTH.
Faith and repentance are its price ;
But we, too oft the slaves of vice,

Venture the proffer'd boon refuse,
And thus the bright advantage lose,
Plac'd by acceptance in our pow'r
In early youth's delightful hour.
Youth's tender twig, from canker free,
In time becomes the knotty tree :
Yet in that time the weary sun
Full many a circling course has run !
What have we done ? 'Twere well to count
The sum to which our acts amount :
NOUGHT ! We're convinc'd, against our will,
That, pauper-born, we're poorer still.
Sin upon sin, from year to year,
Has made the purchase yet more dear
Of what, comparatively for nought,
We might in sinless youth have bought,
And what perforce we buy at last,
Or die from Christ for ever cast.
But grant that youth have run to waste,
The precious offer unembrac'd,
Manhood is courted, urg'd, again
The tender to accept,—in vain !

Vigour and courage, wisdom, health,
A priceless heritage of wealth,
Within our reach are surely plac'd :
When once by such acceptance grac'd,
Glorious in Israel we become,
Tall cedars in God's Lebanon.
Perchance we still begrudge the cost :
Manhood's refusal now has lost
The second part of being's day,
Fritter'd in nothingness away.
If awful death's uncertain night
Eclipse not life's meridian light,
Again, in being's final stage,
In dull decrepitude of age,
The tender is a third time made ;
Alas ! no more in charms array'd.
Hardly will such acceptance please,
Wrapt in the grave-clothes of disease,
Stripp'd of the innocence of youth,
Of manhood's energy and truth,
When each exhausted joy of sense
Has left the soul in impotence.

Few active virtues grace that hour,
Passive alone are in our pow'r :
We wait and wait, the contract lose,
Till mercy's gates for ever close.
Well do the sage and poets* say
" Delay is death : begin to-day."
To-day to duty disinclin'd,
To-morrow more so is the mind.
Remember the Horatian clown,†
Who gaz'd the rapid tide adown
Expectant, till the flood gone by
Should leave the pebbled crossing dry ;
Surely forgot that loit'ring man,
'Twould run for ever as it ran.
TO-DAY, then, on ! young Christian, on !
And cross the spiritual Rubicon ;
And, crossing, hear the sabbath-chime
Proclaiming " Now 's the accepted time "
To war, with banner high unfurl'd,
Against the DEVIL, FLESH, and WORLD.

* " Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit."—*Martial*.

† Horace, *Epist. lib. i. 2.*

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL !

“ Earth their outport, earth their haven.”

WHEN Genius * first, with oar unwieldy, plied
His rough-hewn alder on the buoyant tide,
Or dar'd the sail to fickle winds unfold,
And force a path where nature pathless roll'd,
Though near the land, and ruder gales at rest,
What hopes elated and alarms deprest !
Adventure urg'd him onward to explore
The varied bearings of his native shore ;
Till, from the main-land borne, his curling sail
O'er sky-zon'd billows rose upon the gale.
Then rose his spirit,—to the whizzing wind
Flung fear, and left it with the land behind ;
Light as the spray along the rolling tide,
The surge his music and the stars his guide,
Where, in the storm, the chaf'd Egæan foams
Lord of the chainless wave, at large he roams.

* Of invention.

Heed not this harmonious boasting !
Where the Tuscan waters flow,
While the Roman's barque was coasting,
Fear was pilot of the prow.

O'er the night-veil'd wave of story
Landward roam'd his wat'ry car,
By a planet's circling glory,
Or the oft enshrouded star.

But when winter's breath, assailing
Heav'n, had chaf'd the wave to foam,
Latium's son, in courage failing,
Durst not make the sea his home :

To *earth* alone a constant craven,
He by *earth* life's voyage steer'd,
Earth his outport, earth his haven,
Earth his only home appear'd.

Ev'ry wind of doctrine blew him
From Hope's eternal anchor-band ;
Ev'ry storm of fortune threw him,
Where e'en Hope had fled the strand.

Toss'd by adverse fortune's billow,
Romans breasted not the tide ;
But wilful sought a wat'ry pillow,
Perishing in stoic pride.

But the Christian sailor, steering
Far from earth his heav'nly way,
FAITH at the helm, no shipwreck fearing,
Boldly seeks Salvation's bay.

Surer, as his navigation
Steer'd by compass o'er the tide
Is his voyage to Salvation,
Jacob's star his beacon-guide.

Ne'er by superstition shrouded
Is that star's resplendent light ;
Ne'er by fortune's winter clouded
Is the Cross of glory bright.

Scripture's chart, unroll'd before him,
Marks the site of gulf and rock ;
Scripture's beacon-planet o'er him
Shines, their latent wile to mock.

Nay, the phrenzied tempest's madness
 Soon becomes the Christian's sport ;
 He views its raging wave with gladness
 Faster bear him to his port.

Soon behind him on th' horizon
 Fades the land of toil and tears ;
Earth no more his heart relies on,
 HEAV'N his only home appears.



PROSERPINE.

Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
 Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittâ.

THE hallow'd tenet of our faith reform'd
 Was dimly figur'd in the Attic creed.
 Of triple form one goddess was ador'd,
 Who beam'd, as Luna, regent of the night,—
 On earth Diana, Hecate below.
 Hence Superstition ever plac'd her fane

Or statue, where three* roads convergent met :
In marble bright the chisel'd goddess stood,
Where oft their rambles led the Attic youth.
No fancied Hecate's our TRIUNE God :
He, Everlasting, Omnipresent, dwells
In glory bright beyond our fancy's ken,
Who, " All in All," for ever glorious, works ;
Without whose intermediate act could be
Nought, nor preserv'd aught, since in HIM alone
" We live, we move, and being's essence have ;"
Whom boundless space cannot include, from space
Who ne'er can be excluded : ev'ry where
He is, and ev'ry where our living Lord.†
His Attic lesson let our classic youth
Apply in *spirit*, that no path he tread
Which leads not to the altar-stone of Christ ;
That all his walks may emulate the priest's
Within the temple to Jehovah's shrine.
No ! though a friend, a second self, should be

* In triviis.

† Plato compared the Almighty to a circle, whose centre is every where and circumference no where.

Dearer than Damon by his Pythias priz'd ;
Even from him yet be the pow'r withheld
To lead the Christian from that altar-road.
Athenian Pericles to please refus'd
His bosom-friend by witness to a lie.
Hist'ry* can tell how vassal Menas urg'd
The son of hapless Pompey to unmoor,
Or cut by stealth, the cable of the barque
In which Octavius and Antonius sate
In pleasant council,—Pompey's rivals sole
Of Rome's Triumvirate, that cow'd the world.
“ Let but my noble lord approval nod,”
Whisper'd the trusty freedman, “ when afar
Shall bound the loosen'd galley from the strand
O'er the wroth Tuscan in the fav'ring gale.
Soon from the deck, beneath the bubbling surge,
This arm shall stealthy hurl the rivals twain,
Who now the sole invidious barrier stand
Between the empire of a world and thee !
No longer Sicily or Sardinia's isle
Shall gem the petty sceptre of thy pow'r ;

* Plutarch. Vit. Antonii.

But palac'd Rome, and all the broad domain,
O'er which her eagle has in conquest flown,
Shall beam the priceless jewels of thy crown."
The daring counsel noble Sextus heard,
But scorn'd,—indignant, by a deed so base
To sully honour, faith, and Pompey's fame.
Let these poor heathens, then, (whose highest hope
Was earth's applause and perishable crown ;
Whose best reward for keeping duty's path
Was contemplation of their own deserts,)
Teach the young classic ne'er to leave the road
That leads directly to the shrine of God,
E'en to engross the friendship of a world.
Heir of high hopes beyond the reach of thought,
By obligation 'bove expression bound,
Be it his pray'r that ev'ry step may be
Obedience, and his paths observance true ;
That God, who spies them in the highest noon
Or deepest midnight, may, where'er he turn,
Smile on his footsteps nor avert His face.

THE AREOPAGUS.

SHOULD we the worth of courts discuss,
The court of Areopagus,
Of judgment-halls in time gone by,
Demands a panegyric high.
Doubtless its constitution rare
Deserv'd of fame uncommon share.
In sadly hyperbolic strain
Has Tully ventur'd to maintain,
That mortals could as well dispense
With Jove's protecting providence,
As Athens with the conclave just,
In which so long she plac'd her trust.
While sat that court in open air,
No taper's light was beaming there
In splendid hall or gay saloon,
Mocking day's meridian noon ;
But overhead the Grecian sky
Outspread a spangled canopy,

Where purely beam'd the silver star,
Emblem of that majestic bar.
Beneath the vesper's darkling screen
Accuser nor accus'd were seen.
The judge, in judgment, thus was free
From spite and partiality;
His rightful verdict never staid,
By deference to person paid :
The pleader there, by sophist-art,
Essay'd not to seduce the heart
To favour or compassion ; bound
The sacred depth of truth to sound,
He durst not from its limit stray,
Nor lead the mind from sense away,*
Using the rhetorician's wile
The erring judgment to beguile.
Inflexible as bar of steel,
This court permitted no appeal.
That orator, whose mighty flow
Of diction by the forge's glow

* Ἐξω τῆ πράγματος λέγειν.

Was first outpour'd, avers, indeed,
 For this existed little need ;
 Since of their countless clients, none
 Arraign'd them of injustice done ;
 Not even those, whose guilt reveal'd,
 The judge by punishment had seal'd.*
 As sanguine youth's impetuous age
 Requir'd a stricter tutelage,
 Athens consign'd her sons at large,
 Her holiest treasure, to their charge,
 By law and moral's steady rein
 Their wild excesses to restrain.
 Athenians of every grade
 Were bound to designate the trade,
 Employment, or profession, whence
 Accrued their daily competence.
 In duty thus and honour men
 Vied, citizen with citizen ;
 Each anxious that his life profest
 Should bear the strict judicial test.
 Such was the Attic court, I ween ;
 Through many an age it great had been,

* Ἡττώμενοι σέργυσιν ὁμοίως τοῖς κεκράτηκοσιν.—Arist.

Had not the canker, deep and sore,
Of dire corruption reach'd its core.

Such judicature strict within his breast
Let ev'ry man implant. The Christian state
As much requires it, as the Attic weal
Their Areopagus. Without its curb
Life's rebel passions will amain o'ervault
All legal barriers, human and divine.
O, be the heart an Areopagic rock,*
On which enthron'd sits Conscience as the judge—
Not a usurper, but a judge by right,
Beneath whose trusty guardianship and care
The giddy turbulence of youth may rest.
Sense, with its wily and seductive train
Of evil counsellors and suitors base,
Must at this bar no pleading be allow'd.
At this tribunal be each action scann'd
Of ev'ry member of the private weal ;
If its demeanor tally with the Law,

* Areopagitica petra.—*Ennius*.

Writ by the finger of Celestial Grace,
Deep in the fleshy tablet of the heart ;
Whether from day to day our gain in Grace
Be honest, and our spiritual riches shine
True gospel-coin or counterfeit alloy ;
Whether our title to a free estate
In Christ's inheritance be true or forg'd.
As Areopagites, in night conceal'd,
Unbiass'd by spectator's sight or eye,
Decided truly each debated point ;
So in the midnight hour let Conscience hold
Its dark communion, and uninfluenc'd be
In just decision by thy views of man,
Or by man's view ; but solely by the Eye,
That Eye all-seeing, that no darkness veils.
Then shall its sentence never need appeal,
Directed truly by one only court
Superior : thus Heav'n's Chancery is sav'd
A lengthen'd trial on the fearful day.



THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE sixth day clos'd, the topmost stone was laid :
His glorious work the Architect survey'd.
All, from the centre to the starry bound,
Not merely "good, but very good" he found :
Consummate beauty's fresh perfection grac'd
With perfect goodness all his fingers trac'd.
The bright perfection of the seventh morn
Displays a contrast to our age forlorn :
We, in creation's drear, autumnal stage,
Should ever emulate its infant age,
When round our sinless globe with hallow'd tone
The morning stars their Alleluia sung.
As evil then had no existence found
On earth, and all the myriad spheres around,
So, as creator of thy moral sphere,
Allow to evil no existence here :
For grace, in Joseph's saving words, to say
"How *can* I do this sin?" unceasing pray.

Soon will 'impossible,' as taught by him,
 With thee become 'unlawful's' synonyme;
 And Mercy's 'DO NOT' will as much control
 As the Law's 'SHALT NOT,' Satan in thy soul.
 Contented, Adam view'd with grateful sense
 The first creation of Omnipotence;
 Till in creation he his talent tried
 In evil hour, impell'd by evil pride;
 As if Creation's goodness to contrast,
 His creature was the monster 'SIN' at last.



ET TU QUOQUE, BRUTE!

Καὶ σὺ τέκνον.

THE scorching simoom's blast of death,
 The fell miasma's fever'd breath,
 The torrent rattling down,
 With ruin's flood to drench the fields,
 And hope, that golden harvest yields,
 In second deluge drown;

The hurricane and rending gale,
That use the mountain and the vale
 And ocean as their stage,
Whereon, as actors, they perform
Their drama of terrific storm,
 And furious battle wage ;

The dismal cloud of jetty hue,
That shrouds the sky's delicious blue,
 And saddens Nature's face,
Through which at noon the solar ray
Struggles in vain to win a way,
 And Melancholy chase ;

The lightning bolt, that splits the rock,
Or rends the globe with startling shock ;
 The meteor's omen dread,—
All own alike one parent, Earth,
From whom alone they spring to birth,
 In her conceiv'd and fed :

So ills and sorrows, great and small,
Our curses and our crosses all,
 Derive not pedigree
From Heav'n, but from man alone,*
Within whose heart their root is grown
 Of genealogy.

Since, then, *in* man's the bitter root,
So must *on* man the bitter fruit
 Fall rotten-ripe from high.
The full-grown tree so densely weaves
Its canopy of sorrow's leaves,
 They darken pleasure's sky.

Say, does remorse, in thrilling smart,
With keenest poniard pierce thy heart ?
 Remorse perchance a son
Or cherish'd nursling will be found,
That, Brutus-like, inflicts the wound
 By which thou bleed'st, undone !

* "Nec quisquam Ajacem possit superare, nisi Ajax."—*Ovid*.

Thine arrow, shot at Heav'n, expect
Will seek again in line direct

Its archer's very spot :
Should sorrow's shaft assail thy head,
Remember, from thy quiver sped,
That impious barb was shot.



L E T H E.



Alexander and Darius—Antony, Augustus, and Cleopatra.



BEST can the classic tyro tell
The answer of the Oracle,
Whence Thetis learnt her infant's name
Would blazon bright the roll of fame,
As great Achilles doom'd to shine
The deathless theme of Homer's line ;
How, plung'd in Lethe's flood, his frame
Invulnerable by man became,
The heel except, that on the strand
The goddess-mother held in hand,

To fate submissive as she stood
To plunge him in oblivion's flood.
The sequel tells how, vainly lav'd,
From sword and spear the child was sav'd,
Since, in the prime of manhood's health,
A rankling arrow, wing'd by stealth,
Stuck in the spot unwetted fast,
And kill'd the demi-god at last.

The human soul, immortal and divine,
Hence immaterial, by material barb,
Engine nor batt'ry can a wound sustain :
Alone, through Adam, sin its essence mars.
This seems so dyed and twisted in the thread,
That weaves the web of faculty and thought,
That, while encas'd within the leprous clay,
No mortal art enchanter can devise
To make the clay a panoply of proof.
What, though no Lethe, as in days of yore,
Can render it invulnerable by sin ;
Yet flows a rivulet, REPENTANCE nam'd,

Whose crystal wave can cleanse its blackest spot
When fully bath'd,—albeit sin, once done,
Undo it cannot ; with detergence fraught,
It laves the sin-spot till the taint is gone,
As it had never been.* By poets feign'd,
What is the Paynim bard's Lethean tide,
That bless'd the drinker with oblivion's charm,
But the Bethesda of repentant tears,
Blotting from tablet of the new-born soul,
With sweet oblivion, sin and sorrow past ?
But as Lethean liquid could infuse
Its virtue solely to the wetted part,
So must the scratch, howe'er minute, of sin
In penitential bathings well be drench'd :
Then use this recipe when smarts the wound.
Each special spot that mem'ry brings to view,
Well in the stream of deep repentance wash :
But, above all, note well the major stains ;
In washing them the minor disappear.
Next plunge the whole man in with David's pray'r,
"The Lord have mercy on my secret sins ;"

* Factum quasi infectum.

Nor suffer Satan, Thetis-like, to hold
Thy mental frame, and leave a spot unlav'd,
Where of eternal death his dart may pierce.
As fled Darius with his Persian host
Before the Macedonian phalanx, first
In the hot chase was Alexander borne.*
Vainly the sheen of silver, gold and gems,
Neglected baubles, gleam'd upon his eye ;
(Spurn'd by Bucephalus the turf they deck'd,
On hilt and helm of dying and of dead.)
Bent was his soul the foremost to outstrip,
And clutch the flying monarch in his grasp ;
The king, the king, appear'd his only aim,
Although thereby the spoil behind him left
And rearward prisoners he more surely won.
So did Augustus not so much denounce
War against Antony, his passions' slave,
As Egypt's queen, who manacled his mind.

* Plutarch in *Vitâ Alex.* Thus, also, was Labienus equally urgent for the death of Indutiomarus, the ringleader. "Præcipit atque interdicat....omnes unum peterent Indutiomarum."—"Ne quis quemquam prius vulneraret quam illum interfectum videret."

In Spirituals thus against the *ruling* sin,
The Cleopatra that o'erqueens the soul,
Our might direct : with Alexander then
We soon outstrip and captivate the rest.
Well was it said that Nero's death was vain,
While Otho liv'd in turpitude as vile.*
Firm was the creed of by-gone heathen time
That mortal men, from cradle to the tomb,
Had each their genius or dæmon shade ;
And modern science,† following Scripture, shows
One king-corruption rules each mother's son,
That boasts of victory in constant train.
Where the time-braving pyramids uprear'd
Fling their broad shade o'er desolation's sand,
A soothsayer told the valiant Antony
His guardian genius would be bold and brave,
Till near the dæmon of Augustus came ;
And hence he urg'd the General to shun
Companionship, for elsewhere, though not there,
He might be victor, nor his fortune's sun

* " Frustra moritur Nero, si Otho vivit."—*Tacit.* lib. i. Hist.

† Craniology.

Eclips'd by Cæsar. Thus the precincts shun
 Of the o'erpow'ring demon of thy soul,—
 Not of thyself, but of triumphant Grace !
 Say, what requires the warrior's steadier skill,
 Than foil his foe-man flush'd with victory ?
 Fly, then ! oh, fly ! RETREAT and OVERCOME,
 For flight in Spirituals is conquest sure.



NO HEART, NO HOPE.



The vestal fire—Numa's shield—Palladium of Troy—Lock of Nisus.



THE fatal ides of March were nigh,
 Fraught with a hero's destiny.
 As Julius at the altar stood,
 Off'ring atonement's typic blood,
 A priest declar'd, with sudden start,
 " One of the victims lack'd a heart ;"
 A fearful omen, rare and rife
 With peril to the hero's life :

For beast to live devoid of heart,
Life's mystic spring and motive part,*
The first to live and last to die,
Appears in truth a prodigy.

As then the viewless wheels of life's machine,
Of main-spring reft, must vital movement cease ;
So Spiritual existence must become
Dead, nay impossible, devoid of heart.
Here bodes not heartless sacrifice, but shows
Service and servitor in trespass dead ;
Nay, in God's nostrils the unwholesome stench
Declares it worse than carcase long inhum'd.
A Spirit must in spirit be ador'd :
As said of pray'r, so truly be it said
Of ev'ry service offer'd to His pow'r,—
'Tis not the number on the bead-roll told,†
The trope of eloquence, nor wordy strength
Of learned syllogism ; but Davidian glow
Of heartfelt love, that pray'r acceptance gains.

* "Primum vivens, ultimum moriens."—*Arist.*

† "Deus affectu quam effectu magis delectatur."—*Ambrosius.*

Who to the altar brings profession's shell,
 Without the solid kernel of the HEART,
 But mocks the Spirit, and such off'ring smells
 In Satan's nostrils sweetest incense : *he*
 Will not forget the hypocrite's reward.
 The regent cities of the ancient world
 Had each some tutelar protection shrin'd
 Their fanes within ; and while it safe remain'd,
 City and citizen were assail'd in vain.*
 Such was Rome's vestal fire, by virgins fed ;
 Such Numa's shield, and erst to Homer's Troy
 The priz'd Palladium ; such the purple lock
 That Nisus † bore amid his curls of snow.
 Now, ev'ry tenant of the Christian pale
 Is heir-apparent to an empire born :
 Be it his caution that his government
 May not confused democracy become,
 Where rule the rabble of base common lusts,

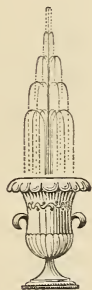
* " *Secreta quædam imperii pignora.*"—*Florus*.

† " . . . cui splendidus ostro
 Inter honoratos medio de vertice canos
 Crinis inhærebat."—*Ovid*.

Blent by the "atheist, tiger, and buffoon."
 Within himself his empire's limits lie :
 In warfare spiritual he must expect
 Incessant foes, and, as he fights his way,
 The dazzling sun of lucre in his eyes,
 With blinding dust of gilded rottenness
 And specious pleasures, in battalia deep,
 Marshall'd against him by the Prince of Air,
 With disadvantage of the lower ground.
 That wily foe, alas ! his cloven foot
 Has set, not merely on the out-work strong,
 But 'leagur'd so the citadel, the heart,
 That its recesses are already won :
 Yet, in a secret nook, while bides unscath'd,
 SINCERITY * in Christ his Master's cause,
 That vestal fire, Ancile, and the sole
 Palladium, the fort shall Satan foil.
 Let but that shield, descended from above,

* A sincere desire to know and do God's holy will. (This word may be derived from σὺν Κηρί, though by some from 'sine cerâ,' without wax, in allusion to pure virgin-honey, without the comb. Hence, by an elegant trope, it implies pure life-honey, as from sincerity life derives its purest sweets.)

By Faith's strong arm be plac'd there, 'twill maintain
The fight 'gainst foes; but haply ravish'd thence,
The Christian fortress soon defenceless lies.
The frantic storm, loud bellowing round the globe,
Earth cannot injure, till within its breast
It wins an entrance, whence with convulse dread
It makes the Spirit-laid foundations quake:
So, while the spiritual Palladium bides
Within the fortress of the Christian's heart,
Around may bluster Pandemonian hosts,
That fortress ever will unhurt remain.



TU NE CEDE MALIS . . FESTINA LENTE, ETC.

Principes—Hastati—Triarii—Antæus—Hannibal—Cannæ—Augustus.

THE Romans on the battle-ground
Mars and Bellona fickle found ;
Victoria, changing as the gale,
Their early fields would often fail.
Nathless, they strove to win her eye,
Though constant in inconstancy.
Rejected, they the suit renew'd,
The goddess coy with vows pursued,
Who smil'd at last, though courted long,
And made her home their swords among.
Her favour grac'd their trophied plain
With brilliant triumph's rapid train ;
Soon, streaming o'er a prostrate world,
Their crimson pennon was unfurl'd :
Thus, in inconstancy begun,
At last was boundless empire won.

They lov'd in battle to combine
Their marshall'd host in triple line.
The foremost of the dread array
With pond'rous piles began the fray ;
And oftentimes victorious prov'd,
Ere yet a pace the rest had mov'd,
That haply stood spectators by,
To share a bloodless victory.
When the first line disorder'd fled,
Behind the second rank it sped ;
When both, with double might amain,
The gory strife renew'd again.
If their united prowess fail'd,
Behind the third awhile they quail'd ;
Till, with resistless shock, the three
Charg'd on to certain victory,
Deeming their cause in fortune's lurch,
Did victory forbear to perch
Once on their soaring eagle's head,
While thrice the bold divisions bled.
Like him, with Hercules who strain'd,
By ev'ry fall they vigour gain'd.

Matching the Roman lines of old,
The Christian soldier, stout and bold,
Strong from repulse must hold the fight,
And foil his ghostly foeman's might;
Nor presently a captive yield
The Spirit's trusty sword and shield.
If foil'd, with double might again
Let him essay the battle-plain;
By disadvantage circumspect
His vantage-ground, regain'd, protect.
Twice—thrice, repuls'd he must endure,
Of final victory secure,
Not, o'er a waning ball of clay,
To win the sceptre of a day,
Or man's ephemeral renown;
But Glory's bright eternal crown,
If he continue to the end
His CAPTAIN'S banner to defend.

. Until the end,—
“ In that the task, in that the labour lies;”

Follow up victory, or its trump may prove,
Though sweet, the presage of the dying swan,
Dire as the Syrens' ruin-courting lay.
Flight in the moral, as the tented field,
Is oft a Parthian counterfeit to lure
The flush'd pursuer into ambush'd snare ;
Where he must writhe, inextricably held
From glory's chase. 'Gainst Hannibal of old
The known upbraidment is to victors made,
" They know to win, not use the trophied field."
When, after Cannæ's sanguinary day,
Or dead, or captive, were the Roman bands,
(By one field finish'd war's terrific strife,)
By that one oversight of false repose,
By one, for iron war admits no more,
Not only Rome the laurell'd hero lost,
Who bare and bleeding at his mercy lay,
But native Carthage, that became a slave.
In Spirituals, methinks, is well exprest
Vict'ry's slight nature by the ' day is won ;'
A day, indeed how brief, oft follow'd close
By night dark ling'ring, where dread perils lurk,
More numerous far than in embattled plains.

Let not the victor on success presume,
Lest, mad in fancied might, he drive his car,
Rashness and Fury its ungovern'd steeds,
Reckless upon his enemy's strong guard ;
And, while he weens their prostrate necks will pave
A causeway for his chariot's blood-stain'd wheel,
Find, by a fall among his fellow-crumbs
Of dust, how perilous is victory's flush.
Yet must the hero spear nor harness doff,
Nor, Hannibal-like, enjoy inactive rest,
As if the rust were destin'd on the hinge
Of Janus to accumulate in peace
Till Heav'n's last thunders shall convulse the world.
No ! let the Christian militant beware
The lethargy * of idleness : it ever tempts
Sin's ghostly captain to encounter new.
He loves to strike the victor in his sleep ;
Him no neglect or oversight escapes.†
' Watch, then, and pray ' 'tween indolence and haste
The golden mean of diligence to keep,
And, with Augustus, ever ' SLOWLY SPEED.'

* α λήθη & ἀργής.

† " Imminet semper occasione suæ Diabolus."—*Gregorius*.

EX LOCO LABOR.

Aristotle's notions respecting weight and fire.

WELL has an Attic * sage exprest,
“ Things in their proper place have rest ; ”
 Thus weight itself would be,
At the earth's centre, weight no more,
Nought being to the central core
 But constant tendency.

And fire, he said, “ is restless here,
Because, beneath its proper sphere,
 It upwards † would ascend ; ”
And rages, till above our air,
With its congenial essence there
 In harmony it blend.

* Aristotle.

† “ Ignea vis.....summâ locum sibi legit in arce.”—*Ovid*.

Ne'er marvel that the sinner's breast
By loads of sin is highly prest ;
 Sin there enjoys its home,
Its cradle and its proper place,
Whence, till expell'd by sov'reign Grace,
 It never seeks to roam.

Plac'd by the Lord one scale within,
So monstrous is the weight of sin,
 The smallest one would seem
The whole creation to outweigh,
Should He it in the other lay,
 Until it ' strike the beam.'

Though scarlet sins be multiplied
Till stars in number be outvied,
 They cumber not the breast;
Nor clog the merry sinner's mirth
More than the circling disk of earth,
 The centre of its rest.

Since soulless matter in its place
Can only rest, the heart in Grace
 Beneath a changing moon
Will not set up its rest and home,
But long to Heav'n's holiest dome
 To bound enraptur'd soon.

This globe is not the soul's right sphere,
"No biding place of rest is here;"
 Let him that rests beware,
Lest his appointed place should be
A restless, drear eternity
 Of horror and despair.



H O N O S O N U S .

Julian and Constantius—Socrates—Damocles—Herodotus—Ass of Isis.

THE trinity that worldly men adore,
 Pow'r, Wealth, and Pleasure, in abundance dwell
 Within the jewell'd circlet of a crown :
 Nought strange the diadem to man is dear !
 Ambition ever, since his course began,
 Has borne this motto on his crimson shield ;
 " Get empire,—empire get at any price." *
 In bloody panoply Ambition strides
 The reeking ruins of his father-land
 Mid rifled altars and polluted shrines,
 Recking no more the temple overthrown
 Than hut or hamlet.† Oft his project fell
 As much by sacrilege as victory won,

* Imperium quolibet pretio constat bene.

† Eadem strages mœnium et templorum, tot sacrilegia quot trophæa, tot de Diis quot de gentibus triumphî.

As oft by impious triumph over God
 As trophies over man,—by dread impiety
 And massacre. Yes! Ambition's eye,
 Charm'd with the dazzling jewels of a crown,
 Sees not its weight. Man deems its purchase cheap,
 Not at ten, twenty, or a thousand years,
 But phrenzied buys it with eternity.
 From classic writ aspiring souls may learn
 A useful lesson to rebuke their pride.
 When Julian,* by high Constantius hail'd
 Imperial Cæsar, in empurpled robe
 Enter'd the palace of the vanquish'd earth,
 He whisper'd to himself, as record tells,
 A master-moral from Homeric verse :
 “ Beneath my purple robe † pale death and fate
 Imperial lurk.” ‡ Well said the Attic sage, §
 Gold, silk, and purple seem for tragedies
 A meet attire. The hero of the stage
 Sparkling, in these habiliments array'd,

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

† Ἑλλαβε πορφύρεος θανάτος καὶ μοῖρα κραταῖα.

‡ “Alieno Galba imperio felicior quam suo.”—*Tacit. Hist. lib. i.*

§ Socrates.

But personates those golden, purple men
Who dye life's stage with gore, or cumber it
With corses. Ah, no fiction is his theme,
Like Comedy's, but sadly real truth !
In glory's highest noon so blended meet
Grandeur and woe, the favourite would seem
Unhappiest far amid unhappy men.
Fam'd Marius* spent beneath the willow shade
His happiest hour. The fallacies of pomp
By Damocles † (the tale is trite) well proven are.
Where shone the gilded couch of high estate,
In gorgeous vest, with gems and gold array'd,
He loll'd supine : ambitious of his nod
In mute array the shining pages stood,
With anxious handmaids of angelic form :
The table groan'd beneath the viands rich
And varied, brought from earth's remotest shore :
Charm'd were his ears by melting melodies,
And ev'ry sense deliciously entranc'd
By high perfection and quintessence true

* Marius inter salices felicissimus.

† Plutarch, Vit. Dionis.

Of sensual objects. But above his head
What ray outshines the yellow torch's light ?
Is it the lightning from Minerva's spear
That mars his startling vision ? No ! a speck,
A point minute ; yet from it to the heart
A ray shot piercing as the barb of death.
See ! glitt'ring o'er his head precisely hangs
A weighty falchion, pendant by a hair :
One single hair the tiny barrier hangs
Between our fav'rite and eternity.
Wilder'd at the sight, see Damocles reel,
Giddy from joy's most elevated height,
At one fell plunge to misery's abyss !
But grant, in blind stolidity of pride
The point escapes his eye, himself he hugs
Out-braving fortune, till with revelries
He shake the fretted ceiling ;—from its hold
Glances the piercing glaive, and deeply drinks
Life's circling current. Let the peasant, then,
Safe 'neath the covert of his native thatch,
Thankful survey the towering mountain top ;
And, should he see the vivid lightning rive

Its cloud-tipt summit,* bless the happy day
 He was not nestled on Ambition's crag,
 But born the tenant of the shelter'd vale.†
 The sire of history tells, that Heav'n itself
 Seems envious of aught too highly rais'd.‡
 Honour's high branches, even propp'd by pow'r,
 On high upheld by virtue's firmest stem,
 Oft by the tempest are but rudely tost ;
 And envy ever, with mephitic breath,
 Would blight the blossom and corrupt the fruit.
 Why, then, for honour sigh ? a word that lies
 Much in opinion, that enchanted isle,
 That floats unbas'd, the Delos of the mind ?
 The breath of mutability, whose disposer sole
 And owner is the hydra-headed lord,
 A daw in borrow'd braveries, or filch'd ;
 Whose gaudy plumes restor'd to honest men,

* "Feriunt summos.....fulmina montes.....

Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine."—*Horace*.

† "Tangunt magnos tristia fata deos."—*Ovid*.

‡ "Ορᾶς δὲ ὡς ἐς οἰκήματα τὰ μέγιστα ἀεὶ καὶ δένδρεα τὰ τοιαυτ'
 αποσκήπτει βέλεα ; φιλέει γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὰ ὑπερέχοντα πάντα κολάειν
 ἐπεὶ ὁ θεὸς φθονήσας," etc.—*Herodotus*.

Would leave the bearer destitute indeed.
Honour on virtue bas'd * is honour true :
Then worship not the idol on the back,
But mark the bearer, and to his deserts
Thy homage pay ; for if to circumstance
And not to worth thy courtesies be paid,
Then will the worthless haply bring to mind
The ass, that carrying Isis to her shrine
Deck'd by her votaries, deem'd, in fond conceit,
The fawning homage of the crouching crowd
To him was rendered, not the load divine,
The radiant goddess, smiling on his back.

* Honor in honorante “ Nobilitas sola atque unica est
virtus.”—*Juvenal*.



LEX CURRAT SALICA.*

Hercules and Omphale—Hannibal—Antony and Cleopatra—River Arar—
Scylla and Charybdis.

WHERE, in the drama of poetic life,
Heroes and demi-gods parade the stage,
Wanders the Muse a moral point to find.
First, in the scene she views great Hercules
Bedeck his brow with twelve triumphal wreaths
Of fadeless laurel, emblems evergreen
Of twelve imperishable deeds of fame ;
Aw'd by whose mightiness the timid Muse
Shrinks from the prospect, and forbears the tale.
Anon, the changing scene the hero shows,
Alas, nor demi-god nor hero now !
A spindle whirls beneath the potent hand,
Quick at whose stroke all mortal barrier fled,
As flits the gossamer on northern gales.
Yes, at the beck of that imperial quean,

* Le royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille.

Mid slaves a slave, he plies the stinted task ;
 While in the trophies of his prowess wrapt
 Th' insulting minion insolently struts,
 Trampling with tiny foot the scatter'd floor,
 Where glory's garlands with his honour fade.
 Each noble spirit will prevent my pen
 Awarding merited contempt and scorn
 To forfeiture so vile of former fame,
 So base prostration of his glorious self.
 In servitude effeminate beyond compare,
 And——Be not hasty Hercules to judge !*
 Lest by the sentence thou condemn thyself.
 Wilt thou deny, with appellations chang'd,
 The hero's story may not be thine own ?
 But, fiction banish'd, History's mirror view :
 View Hannibal, whom nature strove in vain
 With snow-capt rock and thund'ring avalanche
 To curb awhile from victory's career.
 Broad Thrasymentus, Trebiæ, Cannæ's field,
 Where Rome's best champions 'neath his prowess bled,

* “ *Ῥᾶον μωμῆσασθαι, ἢ ὁ μιμήσασθαι.*”—*facilius damnare quam non imitari.*

With triple laurels had entwin'd his brow,
But twin'd in vain. A Capua could blunt
Vict'ry's best falchion by inaction's rust :
His legions, enervate on luxury's breast,
Soon of their glory but the sound retain'd.
A spell long linger'd in that mighty sound,
That paralys'd awhile the Roman arm,
And sav'd the fallen soldier from the sword,
Of other fence by luxury bereft.
So surely all his martial glory marr'd,
So lost, perchance, dominion of the globe
Antoni^{us}* bold to Cleopatra's smile.
Weakly at sea, where weakest was his pow'r,
For her the strife at disadvantage fought
He needless hazarded ; nay, to overtake
Her flying gondola, ere Fortune fled,
He fled the fray, though faithful to his arms
Full many a legion† lin'd th' Egyptian shore.
Such was his doom, and such of millions more,
By dint of petty blandishment o'erthrown.

* Plutarch, in Vita Antonii.

† 100,000 foot and 12,000 horse.—*Plutarch*.

Surely their fate reminds us for a cloak
The fabled combat 'twixt the wind and sun,
When courting smiles and stealing warmth obtain'd
What storm and batt'ry unavailing tried.
Yes ! are there spirits in perverseness strong,
Who fever'd nurse antipathy so fell
To aught that savours of constraint or force,
That e'en fruition proffer'd would they spurn
Of sweetest hope and long forborne desire,
Should it but wear the aspect of command.
The soldier, press'd by battery and storm,
Met might by might, and nullified their pow'r ;
Yet, tempted, to a golden-pannier'd ass
Op'd the small postern that betray'd the fort,
Himself as well. Instructive Cæsar speaks
Of Gallic stream so exquisitely smooth,
That eye exactest, by observance long,
Could scarce decide the dubious current's way :
Yet to that gentlest river's so small haste
Let but a dam oppose a forced stay,
Soon, loudly roaring like a troubled sea,
Its waters, muster'd in resistless rage,

Would burst the banks impatient of delay ;
Or let a new, inviting channel ope,
With murmuring music in meander mild,
The trace it follows. Yes ! a wizard spell
In small allurements fascinating lies,
A spell that captivates the passive soul,
While overt force by brave repulse is foil'd.
More danger far the sweet temptation threatens,
Where bed and bow'r of rose and myrtle bloom
Than fire and fagot, to the Christian soul :
By such more Christians infinitely fell,
Than erst by bigot persecution's rage.
Well said the proverb, mortals never burnt
With holier zeal for genuine gospel-truth,
Than when the body burnt : indulgence then
Unknown, when martyrs kiss'd the fire-pil'd stake,
Whose holy blood was not the Church's wane,
But seed and increase.* Be it ne'er forgot,
In vain fell Scylla's breakers we escape,
If in Charybdis sinks our hapless barque ;
In vain with stalwart arm we hold the fight,

* Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ.—*Adagium.*

Hurling the 'ghostly enemy' from deck
 To save life's vessel from the gulf below,
 Forgetful that some tiny leak may prove
 Destruction's flood-gate to the careless soul.

H O C A G E.

=====
 Cæsarem vehis.
 =====

At home, abroad, in peace or war,
 It seem'd triumphant Cæsar's law,
 Nought to neglect or leave undone,
 Whereby his purpose might be won;
 To hazard nought, nor yield to chance
 And fortune means that might advance
 His cherish'd schemes, resolv'd to try
 All mortal plans for victory.*
 But, though his judgment deep and right
 Defiance bade to fortune's might,

* ". semper feliciter usus,
 Præcipiti curru bellorum et tempore rapto."—*Lucan*.

Yet on a day, when billow-tost
His struggling barque was nearly lost,
Nor longer durst the pilot brave
The blended might of wind and wave,
Julius on Fortune, as a friend,
Durst with an earnest faith depend.
“Pilot ! be firm, nor fear the gale ;
Cæsar and Cæsar’s fortunes sail,*
The saving ballast of thy barque.
Heed not the storm and waters dark :
Faith in my fortunes will command
A safe return to yonder strand.”
Thus, in thy Spiritual warfare brave,
Work as if works alone could save ;
But, in thy inmost soul, believe
That *works are nothing* ; nor deceive
Thy soul by thinking there is giv’n,
Except by FAITH, a road to heav’n.

* “Cæsarem vehis et fortunas ejus.”

The very essence, note, of ev'ry grace
 In action lies ; without it, grace is nought :
 Faith, not a working faith, is faith in name.
 Fasting and pray'r, of charity bereft,*
 Are like the cut flow'r's evanescent bloom
 In crystal vase, or passing meteor's light.
 Well has philosophy of old affirm'd,
 " Fitness for use must ever constitute
 The essence of an instrument."† The eye
 By muscle, humour, pellicle, and nerve,
 Still more by mystic life, has vision's pow'r :
 Scarce can the death-clos'd eye‡ an eye be deem'd
 In man or beast, of action's main-spring reft.
 Say, is it matter, substance, fashion, shape
 Of man, that makes the man, or spark divine
 That animates the clay, of which bereft
 A soulless lump of matter he becomes ?

* " Jejunium sine eleemosina, lampas sine oleo."—*St. August.*

† " Instrumentorum essentia posita est in aptitudine ad usum."
Arist. de Animâ, lib. ii. cap. 4.

‡ But only 'οὐνοίμωσ.'—*Arist. lib. iv. met. 17.* Quoad nomen
 solum, non verò quoad definitionem.....Per materiam res est, sive
 existit, sed per formam id est quod est.

Grace gives the habit, habit lives in act.
Not that each grace is ever on the wing :
The eye that winks or sleeps, is still an eye ;
For though it see not, yet remains the pow'r.
But, on occasion, should our graces show
Acts duly qualified, we well infer
The truth of grace within us, as in flint
The pow'r of fire's indwelling is evinc'd,
When darts the spark by fitting substance struck.
Habits *inspir'd* then all our graces are,
Not fruits, but *roots*, of all accepted acts.
He that can true and faithfully make out
One action really gracious in itself,
Good and well done, may ever happy rest
That in him dwells the habit of that grace,
To which that act belongs. Who feels assur'd
That one true grace of spirit is his own,
May know that surely he possesses all.
It is not being, but well-being, proves
A Christian man to live. Let all his acts
Cube-like be true, and squar'd by gospel-rule ;
Good in themselves, for circumstance well-done.

Actions, though good, become the actor's crime,
If from false principle* they proceed, or done
For false or futile end by evil means.
In judging acts, to end and circumstance
The eye must turn ; too often will appear,
Not merely works, but e'en devotion, sin,
As done in pride, and not in saving faith.

* Of self-salvation.

M I N E R V A.

AGAIN to Athens, lovely queen of Greece,
Our varying measure we delighted turn.
She art and science cradled and uprear'd,
Fresh from the travail of the Muses sprung.
Soon in immortal song her nurslings hail'd
Minerva, tutelar goddess of the state,
In mind and stature who, perfection born,
Than Jupiter's brain no other parent knew.
But not with her divinity alone

Could Attic sages sate their longing souls :
 Three thousand deities, by name ador'd,
 ('Tis writ by Homer in undying lay,)*
 Receiv'd their adoration ; hence there liv'd
 No nation fierce, illiterate, and rude,
 In superstition more than Athens vain.†
 For hospitality to strangers fam'd,
 So to strange gods‡ she entertainment gave
 With boundless courtesy, till a countless crowd
 Had pass'd the open portals of her fanes.
 Nay, when unburied and uncounted lay
 Her children, blacken'd by the wrathful plague,
 One common altar to the gods§ she rear'd
 Of Europe, Asia, and Afric's land ;
 Yea, further sacred to the god unknown,
 Who might not haply o'er those realms preside,
 Lest his divinity might jealous glow,

* Τρὶς γὰρ μύριοι.

† Sun, bread, increase, &c. Auxo and Thallo ab ἀυξάνω
et θάλλω.—*Strabo*.

‡ Ἀθήναιοι ὥσπερ περὶ τὰ ἄλλα φιλοξενήντες διατελῆσι οὕτω καὶ
περὶ τῆς θεᾶς.—*Strabo*.

§ ΘΕΟΙΣ Ἀσίας καὶ Ευρώπης καὶ Διβύτης Θεῶ ἀγνώσῳ καὶ Ξενῳ.

In dedication were his name forgot.
In fine, the number of the gods ador'd
To thrice ten thousand rose,* and yet not all
Found comprehension in the vast amount.
Anon, from step to step the Attic sage
The highest turret of Invention climb'd ;
From whose aspiring battlement he view'd
The circle of his science wide expand,
Till its horizon faded into mist.
Without its precinct, infinitely far,
Dwelt the Unknown and Ever-living God,
Though fancied deities, in crowds ador'd,
Haunted the area of its known expanse.
What though by Nature's light espied the sage
One Uncreated, who created all ;
Yet, when he tried that Essence to explore,
The highest pitch his reason could ascend
Was that fallacious atmosphere where dwelt
His feign'd Minerva, bantling of the brain.
Well has the Roman orator remark'd,
How much more easy 'twere to disprove all

* Varro.

He knew, or fancied, than by reason find
 The great Creator. Cicero confess'd *
 How boundlessly beyond the highest heav'n
 To which proud reason soars on eagle-wing,
 Abides th' Eternal, Uncreated "JAH."
 No marvel, truly, that the fleshly wise
 Seem rarely call'd, infatuate who love
 Each his Minerva, creature of his thought ;
 Who all their sacrifice and incense burn
 To fancy's godhead, as did Greece of old.
 Yet, granted human learning† is a ray
 Of Deity, by HIM at first convey'd
 Through Adam to Methusaleh and Noah,
 From Noah to Hebrews and Chaldean fam'd,
 Whence, thro' the Egyptian, ancient Greece and Rome
 And modern nations have receiv'd its light ;
 But though unquestionable its high descent,
 Though true it lights us to a fountain-head
 Whence all things flow, yet of that fountain lock'd

* "Utinam verum tam faciliè invenire possem quam falsa convincere."

† "Θεὸν ποιεῖν ἐξ ἀνθρώπου κατὰ τὸ δυνατόν."—*Hierocles*.

Man, by such light, could never mould the key
To ope the covers, and discern 'wherewith'
To draw the water from its hidden depth,—
That living water, which from heav'n alone
One hand can reach, the ever-gracious hand
Of JESUS, the eternal, only Son.

As at his natal morn and glorious death
The Pagan oracles were heard no more,*
So, when the soul in Him is newly born,
The oracles of flesh are voiceless all,
Its carnal reasonings for ever hush'd,
No longer thrall'd by worldly wisdom's chain.
This must be quitted at the mountain-foot,
On whose bright summit bliss eternal reigns,
As Abraham left his asses and his slaves :
With such incumbrance up the craggy steep,
In vain we tempt "the strait and narrow way."

* "Delphis oracula cessant."—*Juvenal*.



J E H O V A H.

OFT have I seen the tyro trace
Within a copy's narrow space
The letters of the alphabet,
In due symmetric order set.
If true the tale, historians say
The Iliad in a nut-shell lay.
Yet, stranger far than this it seems,
Within a copy's scant extremes
The elements condens'd should lie,
That form the whole world's history ;
And thus a single line should be
The human mind's epitome.
'Tis strange again, the line may yet
In briefer boundaries be set,
And the five tiny vowels found
Through all the world expression's bound.
Yes ! all the syllables of all
The words, on earth's revolving ball,

To Babel's varied language known,
 Living or dead, their functions own
 In word or sentence, and derive
 Their pow'r of utt'rance from the five.
Strange, when these vowels coalesce,
 With near precision they express
 Of mighty words that mightiest word
 I E h O U A,* the Eternal Lord.
 The term JEHOVAH hence must be,
 In import and in pedigree,
 And in the letters of its frame,
 The LORD's unique and proper name.

These premises admitted, is there aught
 Pen writes, tongue utters, or the mind conceives,—
 Aught, from heav'n's grandest and remotest orb
 To microscopic atom, but derives
 For every syllable, that sounds its name,
 A vowel from this store-house, borrowing
 As 'twere its heart and life. Hence all the names
 That designate Creation's ev'ry part

* "Deductum enim a radice 'haiah' fuit, sicque symbolum est illius
 'Entis,' quod essentia et causa est aliis omnibus."—*Wollebius*.

And parcel will, together duly summ'd,
 But form JEHOVAH's varied anagram.
 Thus all created things, phonetic, show
 Something of Him. And as this mighty name
 Is to man's countless race the fontanel
 Of speech and syllable, it speaks 'I AM'
 The great First Cause, the wond'rous 'ALL in ALL.'*
 Moreover, as this name of names is free
 From all incumbrance of gross consonants,
 (Those dry and pow'rless skeletons of speech
 Till an enliv'ning vowel bids them breathe,)
 So is Jehovah's life most purely pure,
 Simple, incomplicate,† of which a part
 Doth he communicate to all that live.
 Above all derivations be it our's
 To trace out this: let not the student deem
 He knows the scope of aught till this is known.
 If, haply roving o'er the pleasing plain
 Of Science, should discern his curious eye
 Some tiny streamlet unexplor'd before,

* "Causa absolutè prima et δλως, όλον, totus in se, totus in omnibus, totus in singulis, totus extra omnia."

† "Vita Dei est simplicissima et infinita,"—Wollebius.

O ! be it his with restless zeal to trace
Its dubious winding to the fountain-head
Of great JEHOVAH. Of this point assur'd,
His steps retracing by its widening banks,
Let him with zeal pursue its downward flow
To some main channel ; and still onward trace
Its broad-spread waters, till at last they reach
The fathomless, illimitable main
Of Wisdom unimaginable, whence
The distant head-spring's borrow'd waters sprung.
Nor let him dream by reason's plumb and scale
Ever to mete the depth, or length, or breadth
Of that broad tide 'beyond all finding out.'
Thus will the student make the mighty AM
His Alpha and Omega of emprise.
Be this his aim ; for grant that Genius trace
The tree of science to its deepest root,
Climb to its topmost bough and cull the fruit ;
Grant of all terms in science and in song
He know the etymons and criticisms ;
Nought but a chair such erudition gains
In Learning's petty school. But should he make
JEHOVAH outset and JEHOVAH end

Of each essay, gleanings, from day to day,
From all his works of mercy and of love
Both in Creation and Redemption, he
Will soon in Christ's academy be known
No undergraduate. In such practiser
JEHOVAH's likeness, too, renew'd will shine.
Then not alone his *body* will contain
(So oft declar'd by learned sage to be
The world's epitome and microcosm)
An uncial vowel of his Maker's name ;
But soon by holiness his *soul* divine
JEHOVAH's image will reflected show.
Oft let him careful search, and should he find
Within his breast those priceless gifts of Heav'n,*
'Clearness of mind with rectitude of will,'
The student may in faith believe himself
God's real image,—*infinitely small*,
But still not counterfeit ; and thence enjoy
Rightful dominion over all below,
As far inferior, to which alone
He from this image can a title gain.

* Imaginis Dei dona.

PARAPHRASE OF
THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

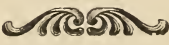
SOVEREIGN LORD, of boundless might !
Father of mercies infinite !
To Thee, all goodness, Lord ! to Thee
We, all unworthy, bend the knee,
Our humblest, heartiest praise to sing
For ev'ry blessing, gracious King !
By thy loving-kindness giv'n
To us, and all men under heav'n.

We bless Thee for our vital breath ;
We bless thy saving aid from death ;
We bless Thee for our earthly bliss,
But more a thousand times for this
Thy last, best, gift of matchless love,
For Glory's hope in heav'n above,
And for the grace Thou dost afford
Through Jesus Christ, Redemption's Lord.

Lord ! fill our hearts with truest sense,
To praise Thee for thy Providence !
Grant we may not with lips alone,
But in our lives thy glory own.
Grant in thy service, day by day,
Our feet may tread Salvation's way
Through Christ ; to whom all glory be
And honour, Triune Lord, with Thee !

Epitaph on a Young and Virtuous Friend.

WHILE melting Pity owns with streaming eye,
Remorseless Death, ' Here is thy victory !'
Where Virtue's scion, in his vernal bloom
Blighted by death, lies mould'ring in the tomb ;
His soul immortal soars to heav'n sublime,
' Triumphant over Death, the World, and Time,'
By seraphs wafted to his place of rest,
In bliss to slumber on his Saviour's breast.



Part II.

THE
P R O S E R P I N E
OF
C L A U D I A N .

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

P R E F A C E.

THAT the epithets "stale, flat, and unprofitable" are constantly applied, in the present day, to classical translations, is undeniable. The great Leviathan of literature, whose dictum so long decided the fate of compositions, declared, "that though they might be endured, they could not, by any means, be favoured." In despite of these sad realities, that any one should have the hardiness to produce a version of a neglected author, will appear passing strange.

The present attempt was made

"In early youth, when high the fancy ran,"

under the conceit that the merits of Claudian, as a poet, were not duly appreciated; nor would they be so, till exhibited in a more poetical version than had previously appeared. For, although Mr. Hawkins's translation be admirable for its fidelity, its metrical monotony has prevented it from attaining the circulation it merited.

That Claudian is a minor Latin poet is unquestionable; that most of his compositions are above mediocrity is equally so: in some points, particularly in narrative, he imitates, too closely, Virgil and Ovid. It will appear,

however, on examination, that the plan of his poem and the structure of his versification, together with an elegant expression of pithy sentiments, are peculiar and original. His descriptions are singularly vivid and forcible, nor is he deficient in variety of character, pathos, and incident.

Though Claudian may appear, to an ardent admirer of Ovid, to lack sentiment, he rarely fatigues by prolixity, as the latter occasionally does. Like the great masters of the pictorial art, by a few touches he awakens the imagination and excites our sensibilities more effectively, than by complete developement and minute detail.—The main incidents of the Proserpine are natural and well concatenated. It is to be regretted that ‘the great Vandal’ has destroyed most of the third Canto, so that the *dénouement* of the poem is wanting. The remnant, however, together with the other two books, is sufficient to satisfy the reader’s mind with regard to the fate of the heroine, and of the leading and subordinate characters. Had the third book of the Proserpine escaped the ravages of time, it is probable that the composition, as a whole, would have approximated to the character of romance more than any other ancient poem, the Odyssey alone excepted. Should the reader consider Claudian’s colouring too gaudy, and his diction too inflated, let him remember that all the *dramatis personæ* in the Proserpine are either *Dî Superi* or *Dî Inferi*; and that the poet, probably through fear of incurring the charge attributed to

Homer's divinities, viz. "that they were too mannish,"* has endeavoured, like Turner, that prince of oriental tinters, to throw a golden and purple glory over all his scenes and characters. Claudian's account of natural phenomena will indeed appear turgid and overwrought, if it be estimated by the standard of modern knowledge. Etna, though still twenty miles in circuit and eleven thousand feet high, (*i. e.* about twenty-seven times as high as St. Paul's,) has dwindled to a mole-hill in the imagination of modern poets, with whom Chimborazo and Cotopaxi "look from their throne of clouds o'er half the world;" while Dawalaghiri again bids Mont Blanc and the Andes 'hide their diminished heads.' In sober truth, the ancient poets seem to have invested their Scylla and Charybdis, as well as the sea altogether, with ideal terrors, now that the improvements in navigation have rendered the Maelstrom and Niagara within the reach of a few days' journey.

The mighty masters of song,—Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, have proved by their compositions† that the favourite though hackneyed verse of eight syllables is equally well adapted to the expression of heroic senti-

* A similar objection may be made to Claude's deities, introduced in some of his grandest landscapes, and even to the representation of "the Father" by Murillo and Michael Angelo. They are mere mortals, lacking utterly the 'halo of divinity.'

† "Land of the unforgotten brave!"

Marmion, Lady of the Lake, passim.

ments, as to the prosy moral of Gay's Fables, or the crispy satire of Hudibras. In humble imitation of these illustrious geniuses, the poetaster opineth himself at liberty to use the short metre, as better adapted to the translation of the greater part of minor poems, ancient and modern, than the formal decasyllabic strain. Why have Pope and Dryden, with much of Milton, been only half perused by half the reading world? (a fact). Simply because their monotonous chime and 'ding dong' weary even the most thirsty intellectualists.

With regard to the merits or demerits of the translation, the author would remark, that he has probably the same conceit that most parents, especially pedagogues, have towards their literary bantlings. He has been told, by qualified critics, never to go beyond, nor to sink beneath his author. Now, he is but too conscious of having occasionally 'gone beyond' Claudian, without rising above him; and also of having, still more frequently, sunk into a bathos very far below him. If he shall be judged to have sometimes succeeded in blending the spirit of the old bard with our modern phraseology, his best hopes will be realized.

PROSERPINE.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Genius* first, with oar unwieldy, plied
His rough-hewn alder on the buoyant tide,
Or dar'd the sail to fickle winds unfold,
And force a path where nature pathless roll'd ;
Though near the land, and ruder gales at rest,
What hopes elated and alarms deprest !
Adventure urg'd him onward to explore
The varied bearings of his native shore ;
Till, from the main-land borne, his curling sail
O'er sky-zon'd billows rose upon the gale.
Then rose his spirit,—to the whizzing wind
Flung fear, or left it with the land behind :
Light as the spray along the rolling tide,
The surge his music and the stars his guide,

* Of invention.

Where, in the storm, the mad Egëan foams,
Lord of the chainless wave at large he roams.

The 'ravishing stride' of Hela's king
My daring Muse essays to sing ;
The sable steeds in ebon car,
 In mad affright,
 With fume of night
That dimm'd the solar glow,
 And Proserpine's bow'r,
 In darkling hour,
By spectres deck'd below. . . .
Then hence ! avaunt ! ye herd profane,
Whom poesy's spell will ne'er enchain ;
 Apollo fires,
 The Muse inspires,
Oh, wake me not from fancy's dream !
Forgetting earth and earthly theme,
I view, with vision-painted eye,
The fane of deathless poesy ;
I see its cloud-bas'd columns nod,
Its burnish'd shrine retort the rays
That from Apollo's shoulder blaze,

To mark the advent of the laureate god.

Earth's central concave moans,—

Each Attic fane re-echoing groans,—

The mystic Eleusinian torches gleam,—

Hissing the Triptolemean dragons seem,

With scaly necks on high upborne,

Bright by encircling harness worn ;

Erect their rosy crests they listening glide along,

And own the pathos of my vent'rous song.

Fancy now aloof espies

Hecate's triple form arise,

And ivy-crown'd Bacchus, all maudlin and bland,

Scarce able by aid of his Thyrsus to stand,

In grisly skin of tiger warm,

Whose gilded claws a buckle form.

Ye Pow'rs of night ! on whom a countless band

Of phantom satellites attendant stand ;

Ye gods ! unsated with the spoils that lie

Of blighted being in your treasury ;

Engirt by Styx, through dense shoals writhing on,

Or fuming sulphur-tide of Phlegethon,

Unshroud your gloom, enlumine to mine eye
The fearful secrets of your sable sky !
Tell, by what counsel Love's unerring dart
Pierc'd Pluto's hard, inexorable heart :
To mortals Proserpine's abduction tell,
Her dowry Chaos, her dominion Hell :
How the lorn mother, roaming in distress,
With law and culture grac'd the wilderness :
How the full acorn deck'd the oak in vain,
Soon as the furrow shone with yellow grain.



PROSERPINE.

Canto I.

IN Nature's morn, with frantic rage,
Imperial Pluto glow'd to wage
War with the Pow'rs enthron'd on high,
A malcontent with destiny.
The monarch saw with sullen soul
His years in lone bereavement roll ;
To him, alone of gods, denied
The lover's bliss, the father's pride,
The matchless boon of wedded love
To man below from Jove above.
Then saw his gulph of gloom combine
Its monster-fiends in marshall'd line :
Ghastly with snakes in burning hand
The Furies shook the lurid brand,
And rous'd to arms the spectre-band.

Pluto's discontent . . . the Fates appease him.

Then had the novel system far,
By rebel, elemental war,
Been hurl'd to Chaos ; then, amain
From dungeon-loathsomeness and chain
Bounding, Titan's sons had seen
Earth's sunny orb with raptur'd mien,
And hundred-handed monsters strove
To wrest his thunderbolts from Jove,
Had not the Fates uprose, who threw
O'er Pluto's feet their silver hue
Of locks, and strove his ire to check,
And save the new-form'd world from wreck.
His knees they clasp'd ; then rais'd the hands
That rule where destiny expands,
That wove in mystery sublime
Time's iron tissue from its prime,
And thus, with reason's soft address,
They cool'd his mental sultriness :
" O, sov'reign of our phantom land,
Our spindles whirl at thy command !

The Fates' address to Pluto....they advise him to demand of Jupiter a wife.

Dread arbiter of life and death,
Fountain and bourn of vital breath ;
Author of all material form,
With death to chill, with being warm,
Is thine alone ; at thy behest
The sin-freed spirit of the blest
(Time's mystic cycle roll'd away)
Re-animates the mortal clay.
Oh ! break not thus the peaceful band
Our wheels have spun, our counsel plann'd ;
Nor let war's brazen herald move
Thy hosts, to dare fraternal Jove.
Shall brothers meet in impious fight ?
Shall miscreant giants view the light
Of glorious noon, and, rous'd to arms,
Disturb the world by fresh alarms ?
Dost thou for wedded rapture pine ?
Ask Jove a bride,—a bride is thine.”
Soon as her counsel struck his ear,
He hush'd the pray'r he blush'd to hear ;

He consents, and orders Mercury to bear a message to Jupiter.

And, though he scorn'd to change, repress
The fiery ferment of his breast.
So would the phrenzied north-wind blow,
Or stretch his wing, encas'd with snow
And hail, in hurricane to sweep
Forest and plain and wavy deep,
Should Eolus fling the dungeon-door
Full on his mountain-rending roar,
Its adamantine bars repress,
That baffled rush of franticness.
Now Plato bade, with stern command,
Within the presence quickly stand
The messenger, equipp'd to fly
With ireful speech to Jove on high.
Quick at the mandate Mercury came
With wand of sleep and helm of flame.
All on a rude rock, thron'd on high
In grim, disdainful majesty,
With hot hand clench'd the angry god
His midnight empire's canker'd rod :

Pluto's angry message to Jupiter.

Encircling clouds of sorrow spread
Dun shadow round his lofty head,
While gloom with sullenness combin'd
To swell his wrath of mien and mind.
At last his message uncontroll'd,
From high in tone of thunder roll'd.
He spoke,—the halls of death around
With fearful shudder own'd the sound :
No more was heard the demons' howl,
No more the porter's triple growl ;
The stream of tears forbore its flow,
The stream of sighs its wail of woe,
And ceas'd the fearful flood of fire
To sear its bank in crackling spire.
“ Mercury ! since to thee is giv'n
Alone to dwell in Hell or Heav'n,
The messenger of either sphere,
To gods of either empire dear ;
Up—fly—away ! outpost the wind,
And thus to Jove present my mind :
Brother in name ! shall pleasure be

Pluto's angry message.

Thy sole prerogative ? To me
What though by adverse fate it fell
To forfeit Heav'n and reign in Hell,
Did Fate annul my might as well ?
No : arms and myriad-might are mine !
And though from me no lightnings shine,
Or sound-delusive bolts are hurl'd,
By monsters forged, to fright the world,
Think not my pow'r and spirit lie
Content in inactivity !
Sure 'tis too much to see me live
In the worst realm that Fate could give,
Fall'n from the sovereignty of light
To drear immensity of night,
While round thyself in grandeur shine
The zodiac and the septentrine.
The contrast view,—nor then deny
The zest of immortality.
Neptune can ever solace spy
In Amphitrite's azure eye :
When toil of universal state,

Mercury flies to Jupiter Jupiter is disconcerted.

The lightning's grasp, the sceptre's weight,
Oppress thine arm, to ev'ry grief
Thy lovely partner yields relief ;
Or else thou seekest sweet amour
With Ceres and a thousand more,—
Whence all the progeny that bless
Thy courts with unmatch'd comeliness.
But I, in worse than widow'd pain,
In lonely destitution reign :
No more—no more—in this distress
In cold, unmeaning loneliness
I'll reign. Deny a bride, I swear,
Yes, by the changeless flood I swear !
I'll set our sire from fetter free,
Give darkness light and liberty,
Disjoint the globe, rend compacts made,
And blend day's blaze with Hell's black shade !"
Swift at the word, the starry sky
Is spann'd by winged Mercury.
Dread Jove the ireful message hears,
And, wilder'd, long in doubt appears,
To know what fear-despising fair

Jupiter makes a resolve. . . . Proserpine described.

For Pluto's dread domain would dare
To change the joyous realm of light,
And reign mid ghosts the queen of Night.

Long by contending feeling sway'd,
A stern resolve at last he made. . . .
With welcome throe, in Henna's wild
Had Ceres borne one blooming child ;
Exhausted nature gave no more,
But in fair Proserpine combin'd
Of varied loveliness a store,
Each winsome grace of form and mind.
Sweet Proserpine bloom'd the sole delight
Of Ceres, proudest in her pride ;
Her thought by day, her dream by night,
The want of many one supplied.
With far less jealous care carest
Frolics the calf,* whose hoof ne'er prest
The clod, nor crescent hornlets curl.

* Some regard this simile as ignoble ; others, as strongly expressive of parental tenderness, accompanied by fierce anxiety. The comparison of a heroine with a calf seems more inappropriate, from our modern ideas with regard to that animal.

Apollo and Mars address Proserpine . . . Ceres conceals her in Sicily.

Anon, with circling years the girl
By perturbation strange was sway'd,
For many a suitor sought the maid :
Echoed her halls the loud address
Of captives to her loveliness ;
The youthful gods of Song and Arms
Came rival suitors for her charms.
Proffer'd the shielded god in vain
Thracia's cold, puissant reign ;
Apollo vow'd his fair should be
Regent of Song and Prophecy.
But Ceres on their passion frown'd :
Her daughter's innocence she strove
In rude Sicilia's glens profound
To shelter from admiring love :
The doting mother deem'd her child
From admiration's peering eye
Would find a screen in nature's wild,
Blinded, alas ! to destiny.

Once Sicily with Italia's strand
Was lash'd by one continuous band,

Description of Sicily....Mount Etna.

Till the triumphant sea-gods rent
The island from the continent.
Their might, beneath the mining tide,
Avail'd the mountain-chain to sever,
And with a narrow strait* divide
The lofty kindred cliffs for ever.
The rifted island's triple front
Endures the battling tempest's brunt.
At the extremes three forelands form
A passless bourn to sea and storm :
One, with a beetling brow of rock,
Rebuts the Ionian's briny shock ;
A second breasts, with canine yell,
The rolling Lilybeän swell ;
There, scorning bar, the Tuscan deep
Bounds in the gale o'er Faro's steep.
Aspiring Etna central rears
Her black-burnt rocks in jetty tiers :
A record monumental tow'rs,
Of Jove supreme o'er giant-pow'rs.

* The 'fretum Siculum,' or Strait of Messina.

The giant Enceladus.

Deep in the mountain's glowing womb,
With hands behind his gall'd back bound,
Manacled in his blazing tomb,
The rebel giant spans the ground.
His burning lungs with quenchless spire
Unceasing sigh sulphureous fire :
Should he his aching shoulder raise,
The rock-bas'd isle's foundations quiver ;
Their ponderous mass his might outweighs,
Yet mountains reel and cities shiver.
To Etna's top the eye may climb,
But mortal foot the peak sublime
Ne'er trod, nor human culture crown'd
Though shelving woods the sides surround.
Now from the maw in black array
Engender'd fumes bedim the day ;
In desolation deep and wide
The lava rolls its burning tide.
Launch'd at the stars now rocks aspire,
Turn,—fall and feed the cavern'd fire.

Eruption of Mount Etna, and its probable causes.

Allwhile from heat the hill o'erflow,
Crowning the crater's frozen hem,
The ever-culminating snow,
With bright and spotless diadem ;
The ice-prism 'neath the pumice show'r,
The hoar-frost's splendid crystal plume,
And endless phantasy of flow'r,
Moulded beneath the crater's fume,
Proclaim each element maintains
The pristine truce,—that inly reigns
The furious might of fire, but cold
External sway shall ever hold.
When shall the pond'ring sage descry
The spring, whose elasticity
Launches the rock ? whose action grand
With lawless lava whelms the land ?
Or ever must the caverns lie
Unfathom'd by philosophy ?
Perchance, in Etna's bosom pent,
The struggling winds would find a vent,

Ceres, deeming her secure, leaves Proserpine....Ceres in her car.

And from concentrated focus hurl
The rifted rocks in blazing whirl ;
Or, if the subtle ocean-mine
To Etna's sulphur-bed, the brine
To vapour forg'd, its dungeon rends,
And high in air the barrier sends.
Here to the keeping, wild and rude,
Of glen and mountain solitude,
Fond Ceres ventures to consign
Her cherish'd pledge, sweet Proserpine.
Reliev'd of fear, she mounts her car
To visit Phrygia's realm afar,
Where Cybele, her mother, reigns
In tow'r-crown'd state o'er Ida's plains.
Her dragon-team through ether's tide
In rapid convolution glide ;
Sprent are their reins with harmless spume,
Enamell'd beam their backs with green,
Shaded their heads with crested plume,
Burnish'd their scales with golden sheen.

The emotion of Ceres on quitting her daughter.

Now, now they outspeed the zephyr far,
The gray dust whirls the wheels around ;
Now near the surface skims the car,
With vegetation teems the ground ;
Rich tapestries in golden pride
Of springing ears the wheel-tracks hide.
While riches thus her course adorn,
On the blue crater, fading fast,
By Ceres, far from Etna borne,
A longing, straining gaze is cast.
She feels the parting pang again,
And cries with sorrow-boding sigh,
While shining tears her cheek profane,
And dim the heart-expressive eye,
“ Henna, farewell ! to me more dear
Than yonder bright, empyrean sphere.
To thy protection I consign
Life’s dearest joy, my Proserpine !
Oh, guard her well, repaid thy care !
Nor harrow’s fang nor trenchant share

Ceres reaches the abode of her mother....Cybele's residence.

Shall raze thy bosom ; vale and fell
With richest loveliness shall swell ;
The ox unyok'd shall roam thy lea,
The crop unsown thy guerdon be ;
In endless holiday thy swain
Shall raptur'd view thy teeming grain !”
In quick career o'er land and flood,
Their limit reach'd her dragon-stud ;
Where tower'd, sublime in solemn pride,
Her mother's fane on craggy Ide.
The fearful flint-hewn temple stands
Where the dark pine, bedropt with cones,
Its sable boughs in shade expands,
That constant moan in mystic tones,
Though leaf and branch be still as death,
Unruffled by the zephyr's breath.
Wild dance within, and phrenzied cry
Of revellers with minstrelsy,
Shake the colossal dome : the roar
Thrills through Ida's flinty core ;

Cybele's delight on seeing Ceres.

The forest-tops affrighted swell
Billowy in the fearful yell.
Anon, they Ceres see advance,—
The maniac dancers cease to reel ;
Still is the step that leads the dance,
The priest forbears his clashing steel ;
The doubling drum, the warbling flute,
Trumpet and cymbal,—all are mute.
The lions fawn with couchant mane
As, bounding from the inmost fane,
Speeds Cybele, who, bending low
The tow'r-tiara of her brow,
Welcomes her Ceres with a kiss
Fraught with a mother's tender bliss.
But Jove, in Heav'n exalted high,
These movements view'd with wakeful eye,
And thus to beauty's queen confest
The lab'ring secret of his breast :
“ Venus, to thee, celestial fair,
Alone I tell my secret care.

Jupiter tells Venus his intention respecting Proserpine.

Hear my resolve,—nor start with dread,
Young Proserpine must with Pluto wed !
Themis has sung in constant strains
The fiat stern that Fate ordains ;
Seize the bright hour,—know no delay,
The doting mother's far away.
Fly, then, my lovely Venus, fly,
Swift as thy doves to Sicily.
Soon as the orient glow of day
Illumines Henna's mead and grove,
Win Proserpine from home away,
Far o'er her spreading lawns to rove :
Then witch her with thy magic spell,
That witches earth,—myself as well.
Is there a realm so far away,
That space shall free it from thy sway ?
No ! Let each soul thy triumph know
In light above or shade below ;
Let Furies feel thy fierce control,
With passion fire each Stygian soul ;

Venus sets out for Sicily, accompanied by Diana and Pallas.

Let sov'reign Pluto's iron heart
Be pierc'd by Cupid's keener dart."'
Quick as expression Venus hied
To do the task : there went beside,
Dian, who loves to wake the morn
On Grecian hills with hound and horn ;
Minerva, too, by Jove's decree,
Joins the celestial company.
A radiant track of liquid light
Through Heav'n's cerulean mark'd their flight.
Darting thus, with omen dire,
Glares the crimson comet's fire ;
Woe to the wand'rer on the main !
Woe to the dweller on the plain !
Its rays of blood, in menace grand,
Bode storms at sea and strife on land.
The goddess-trio reach the dome,
Whose battlements of iron bright,
Wrought by the smiths in Etna's womb,
Display on high a pond'rous might.

Proserpine's abode described....her employment.

On iron jambs the portals rear'd,
Secur'd by bars of steel appear'd :
The giant foreman saw it stand
His master-piece of head and hand ;
Ne'er such a toil the smith had known,
Ne'er such a blast his bellows blown ;
From fire-sear'd smithy ne'er before
Had stream'd such floods of molten ore.
Ivory veneers the hall as glass,
Strong slopes the roof with beams of brass,
While burnish'd gold and silver blend *
The lofty columns that ascend.
Melodious floats the hall along
Blithe Proserpine's expressive song ;
Who eager plies the silken loom
To greet with broider'd present home
Her cherish'd Ceres ;—fate's decree
Has doom'd her toil a vanity.
Bright does the pictur'd web display
The elements in blazon gay :

* The mixture called 'electrum.'

Proserpine's embroidery described.

In liquid blue the skies expand,
Her needle mimicks nature's hand,
That (chaos foil'd) in order class'd
The elemental world at last.
She shows how spirits upward flow,
How ether shines, fire mounts the pole,*
While grosser substance sinks below,
Earth balanc'd hangs, and oceans roll.
In varied tint the web pourtrays
The purple sea, the jewell'd shore,
The circling constellations' blaze,
With tides that swell in fancy's roar,
Weeds on breakers wild seem dashing,
Waves on thirsty shallows splashing.
Bright are the zones ; with ruby seam
She marks the sun's ecliptic beam ;
On either side, in faded line,
Thirst the sultry tropics' clime.

* The antients, unacquainted with atmospheric pressure, believed that flame ascended, in order to blend with a cognate stratum of fire next above our vital atmosphere.

Proserpine's emotion on the approach of the goddesses.

Green are the zones, refinement's bound,
By temperance nurs'd and verdure crown'd ;
The antarctic berg and arctic snow
At either pole in twilight glow,
And cheerless lours the chilly loom
With dreary winter's torpid gloom.
But as she broiders Pluto's throne
And land of shades, by Fate her own,
Spontaneous crystals gem her eye,
Sad harbingers of destiny.
Next on the margin, 'neath her hand,
The glassy ripple laves the strand. . . .
With sudden clang the halls rebound,—
The startled maiden gazes round ;
The work unfinish'd leaves her hand,
As by the goddess-trio stand.
Now tints her cheek and neck of snow
Youth's peerless blush of crimson glow.
Can ivory stained with Tyrian dye,
Rival that blush of modesty ?

Pluto prepares his car to carry her off . . . his steeds described.

The sun had sunk behind the main,
Dank night brought downy sleep again ;
Pluto, appris'd by thund'ring Jove,
Prepar'd to rise to realms above.
A ghastly Fury yok'd the steeds
That through the infernal twilight sweep,
That graze the tear-fraught river-meads,
And quaff of Lethe's sluggish deep.
In sable panoplies they flung
Oblivious froth with restless tongue :
Orphnæus glares with savage eye ;
Pride of the stud, see Nycteus stand ;
Fleet as a barb vaults Ethon by
Alastor, mark'd by bident brand.
Hard by the palace-portal drawn,
Restless they vault and neigh for morn,
When they shall waft, delighted, thro' the skies
Their fated queen, imperial Pluto's prize.

END OF FIRST CANTO.

PROSERPINE.

Canto II.

DAY's herald light with misty grey
Illum'd the sea ; the spangles dance
Where the Ionian waters play,
Flick'ring in restless undulance.
Beguil'd by Venus, urg'd by Fate,
Trips Proserpine to court the breeze,
Reckless of Ceres, youth-elate.
The lawns were sprent with dropping trees :
Thrice, as she pass'd, with boding clang
Fate on the opening portals rang ;
In wailing tone thrice Etna groan'd,
Her peril warn'd, her peril moan'd ;
But prodigies nor portent stay,
When love and destiny betray !

Venus described....Minerva....Diana.

The goddess-sisters join her side :
Venus, in guile-exultant pride,
Feels conquest sure by Fate's behest,—
The plot was rapture to her breast.
Pluto enslav'd, before her eye
Fresh visions flit of victory ;
She weens o'er Hades soon to reign,
And add the Manes to her train.
Idalian nymphs had deck'd her hair
In cluster'd rings of golden glare ;
Vulcan had wrought, with zeal and zest,
The gem that loop'd her purple vest.
See next Lyceum's queen advance,*
Who Athens guards with beamy lance ;
In virgin worth her chaste compeer,
Diana, blooms in beauty near,—
Dian, who awes the savage wood,
While Pallas rules the field of blood.
Minerva's casque, in gold emboss'd,
Displays a form in torture toss'd,

* Minerva.

Diana . . . her characteristics.

Whose limbs, in writhing anguish left,
Seem agoniz'd in mortal strife,
(The giant bust of feeling reft,)
Between suspense of death and life.
Her beamy lance ascends the sky,
As tow'rs a forest-cedar high :
A fluid pall of gold conceal'd
The hissing horrors of her shield.
But Dian smiles in gentleness,
With vermeil cheek and beaming eyes ;
Her brother's look her looks express,
His counterpart in maiden guise.
Bright is her graceful arm and bare,
Silent the slacken'd sinew's twang ;
The wild breeze revels in her hair,
Her quiver'd arrows dormant hang ;
Her robe, with duple sash confin'd,
Flows to the knee and woos the wind,
On which, through waves of bright brocade,
The baseless Delos seems to wade.

Beauty of Proserpine . . . her splendid attire.

Young Proserpine may with either vie,
Her mother's pride, (too soon her pain) ;
In form as fair, in birth as high,
With equal grace she treads the plain.
Diana's form, Minerva's mind,
Glow in the charming maid combin'd :
Give her a bow, Diana walks !
Give her a helmet, Pallas stalks !
A jasper brooch secures her vest,
Of textile art transcendant test ;
The loom had ne'er before essay'd,
In such a bright harmonious whole,
So well to blend the silken braid,
For nature blossom'd on the stole.
Hyperion's twins, the solar globe,
And Luna's crescent, grace the robe.
The infant Pow'rs of day and night
Unequal glow in broidery bright :
By Tethys nurs'd, the infants lie
Like rose-buds at her blue-vein'd breast ;

Proserpine's attendant nymphs.

All in their radiant nursery
Solac'd, they gently panting rest.
Forth from the young Sun's tiny brow,
A babe in impubescent ire,
As yet no blinding glories flow,
He faintly breathes in scanty fire.*
Thus in the fulgid pomp of dress
Roves Proserpine in blithesomeness :
Where'er she steps the verdant ground
Her circling handmaids gambol round ;
Nymphs, in Sicilian streams that lave,
Where bright Criniseus rolls his wave,

* Mr. Addison, in his work entitled "Dialogues on the Usefulness of Coins and Medals," p. 91, applies the epithet of 'fustian' to Claudian's description of the infant Titan, as embroidered on Proserpine's robe. The learned author does not, however, specify in what the fustian consists. If he mean that it lies in the absurdity of the notion, that an embroidered figure can convey the idea of an infant's panting ; by parity of reasoning the same epithet must be applied to Virgil's description of the robe, lib. v. 291, *Eneid* ; and also of the helmet of Turnus, lib. vii. 785, and the more truly, as Virgil is describing the habiliments of a mere mortal. If this be true, what is 'fustian' in the minor poet, is but a pleasing hyperbole in the major one.

They are compared to the Amazonian and Hermian nymphs.

The whirling rocks that love to throng,
By swift Pantagias swept along,
That haunt the Gela, known to fame,
Founder of a city's name ;
Or Camerina's slower deep,
Struggling through sedgy moors to creep,
Where Alpheus blends his foreign tide
With Arethusa foaming wide.
Foremost of all the virgin throng,
Trips Cyane the meads along.
From Northern fields of dead and dying,
On high the semilunar shield
Thus do Amazonians, flying
In beauteous cohort, gaily wield :
Perhaps, by bold Hippolyt led,
On Boreal plains, or Getic snows,
Their sinewy arms have carnage spread,
Or hewn a path with hatchet-blows
Where Tanais, ice-encrusted, flows.
Thus Hermian nymphs their revel hold,
By Bacchus fir'd, whose joyous ranks,

Henna summons Zephyrus . . . her address to him.

Sprent with the sandy river's gold,
In disport rove their native banks.
Deep in his grot the river-god,
Well pleas'd their revelry to learn,
Delighted feels the shaking sod,
And swells the stream with bending urn.
Henna, the genial nurse of flow'rs,
Beheld, disporting on the plain,
Exalted from her fragrant bow'rs,
Blithe Proserpine's celestial train,
And eager hail'd the Western gale,
Recumbent in a winding vale.
" Dear Zephyr, listen ! Sire of Spring,
Who lov'st to nurse the year with dew,
And roam my vales, on vivid wing,
To yonder woodlands bend thy view :
Jove's peerless daughters joyous deign
Awhile to rove our florid plain.
Then aid me, Zephyr ! flit away,
Hang bloom and blossom on the spray ;

Henna's address to Zephyrus.

Shed perfume round, till Hybla yield
The palm of sweets to Henna's field ;
Waft o'er the goddesses a gale
Of incense from Arabia's vale ;
Waft odours from the bud that blows
Where redolent Hydaspes flows ;
From groves that yield the cradle-pyre
Of spices to that bird of fire,*
Whose death-pile, sought from Saba's plain,
Gives from its embers life again :
With these impregn my veins of earth,
And fan the flow'rs that spring to birth ;
Fit for the gods let roses blow,
That tempt the hand to crown the brow."
She said,—he flew,—his dropping wing
Sprinkled the turf with balmy dew,
Fresh with nectareous sweets of spring,
And verdure quicken'd as he blew.
Contentment o'er the welkin dwells,

* The phoenix.

Zephyrus covers the lawns with flowers.

Earth with a convex carpet swells
Of woven flowers from all her cells :
The damask rose, the bilberry gay,
The violet dyed with rich moray,
Bright as the jewell'd girdle's sheen,
That decks the waist of Parthia's queen.
Not fleeces bath'd in Tyrian dye,
Nor Juno's birds more brilliance show ;
Not Flora's paramount hues outvie
The varied glories of the bow,
Heav'n's arch, that spans the broad cascade,
From clouds by bursting torrents made.
In loveliness of form, the place
Surpass'd the very floral race :
Here, from the tabulated ground,
With slope deceptive swells a mound ;
From living pumice fountains flow,
Pearling the rushy fringe below ;
Here tufted vistas quench the heat
Of burning noon with winter sweet ;

Description of the grounds.

Here tow'rs the fir for ship or raft,
Cornels that yield the javelin shaft ;
The cypress sad, the scarlet holme,
Rich with the bee's delicious comb ;
The prescient laurel, oak of Jove,
The bush-box tapering through the grove,
The elm, entwined with cluster'd vine,
Or amaranthine ivy-bine.
Hard by a lake arrests the sight,
Serenely smooth and chastely bright,
Whose glassy face inverts the trees,
That margent court the musky breeze :
The eye, through crystal caverns led,
Fathoms the deep and pebbly bed.
As roam the nymphs the rosy bow'rs,
Fair Venus bids them cull the flow'rs.
" Haste ye, my sisters, haste, away !
The day-star, high on humid steed,
Glow through the misty morning-ray,
That gilds the dew-bespangled mead."

Proserpine's nymphs, culling flowers, described.

She said, and pluck'd with freshen'd ruth
The emblem of her cherish'd youth.*
The maidens ramble hill and dell,
As bees, in blooming Hybla's clime,
Swarm o'er the meads from beechen cell
To sip the essence of the thyme ;
When from the waxen camp their kings †
The legions lead on glistening wings,
From chosen flowers the honied band
Rifle the spoil with murmur bland.
The brilliant honours of the field
Fast to the damsel-spoilers yield:
Some are with velvet marjoram dight,
Some with the rose and privet white ;
Blent with the purple violet's glow,
Contrasted shines the lily's snow :
Narcissus falls, the hyacinth low
Displays its figur'd type of woe.

* Adonis.

† The antients believed the bees to be governed by kings, and not by queens.—Vide *Georgic* iv.

Proserpine and her nymphs.

These fragrant paragons of spring
Once bloom'd in youth, as poets sing.
Young Hyacinth, by fate forlorn,
Fell by the random discus torn ;
Yet Phœbus mourns the fatal blow,
That blanch'd in death his polish'd brow.
Narcissus first beheld the sun
Glow on the face of Helicon,
Who, beauty's slave, ador'd his own,
Hardly to blooming manhood grown,
And pin'd to clasp a shade in arms,
A victim to its soulless charms :
The river-god yet wails his boy
With broken reeds of tuneful joy.
Still foremost o'er the dewy green,
To deflorate her gay demesne,
Trips Proserpine, her basket bright
With buds of ever-varying light :
Now with a wreath her brow elate
She binds,—sad presage of her fate !

Proserpine and Pallas delighted with the flowers.

But she* who quells the world in arms,
Queen of the trumpet's hoarse alarms,
Beneath whose prowess legions fall,
The brazen gate and bastion'd wall,
To girlish oblectation yields,
The massy spear forbears to wield,
Culls the bright flow'r, with fillet rare
Subdues her casque's terrific glare ;
Its cone, with verdure shaded o'er,
With martial terror daunts no more ;
The tranquil lightnings of her crest
The dazzled eye no more molest.
Nor she, who cheers the scenting hound,
Diana, scorns to sport around :
Gay as the rest, a garland binds
Her ringlets, toying with the winds.
Such are the sports of innocence !
They roam——

But hark ! what crash astounds the sense ?
Earth quakes to dissolution ; valleys rumble ;

* Minerva.

Pluto's passage through Etna.

To and fro reel mountains ; cities totter—tumble.
Unknown the cause, aghast the virgin-band,
Deafen'd and mute, in wan amazement stand.
Venus herself, though anxious for the noise,
Feels of dismay and joy the equipoise.—
'Tis Pluto, rising from his gulf below !
He goads his steeds, in Etna stamping :
The giant* writhes beneath their tramping
In agony ; the glowing tire is cleaving
His mighty limbs, in convulse heaving ;
Full on his neck the hot wheel pressing,
He strives to hurl, with heave distressing,
Like a split rock or flake of sulphur high,
King, horses, car, and vaulted Sicily.
Weaker and weaker now his fibres fail,
And nerveless on the axle drops his dragon-tail ;
In furrow'd blaze his shackle-cumber'd back
Displays the sable chariot's caustic track.
Saturn's third Prince, puissant Pluto, stands
With reins loose dangling from his dubious hands,

* Enceladus.

Is obstructed by rocks... he strikes them with his sceptre.

As in the channel, min'd with fell turmoil
Deep through the basement of the hostile soil,
Shrouded in night some hardy pioneer
Derides the rampart and the guardian-spear,
And stands prepar'd with stupefactive blow
To rush in thunder on his baffled foe,
Quick as the legion, erst from mother-earth
That sprang in perfect panoply to birth.
Through every crevice flash the monarch's eyes
To spy a passage to superior skies ;
But pond'rous cubes of rocks, above, around,
The inquisition of his keen eye bound.
Delay was torture ; with indignant shock
He struck his beamy sceptre on the rock :
Cavern'd Sicily bellow'd—Lipare bounded—
And the fire-god flinch'd from his anvil astounded ;
The giant smiths paralys'd, gaping in wonder,
Dropp'd the half-hammer'd arrows of thunder :
The glacier'd Alps, the Po and Tiber's shore,
Confess'd the shock with reboative roar,—

Consequences of the shock.... Pluto emerges above ground.

Tiber untrophied then by Roman glory,
Untrac'd in course, unregister'd in story :
Mute with amaze, the fisher heard the sound
That shook Italia to its Alpine bound.
So Neptune's mighty trident, at a blow,
Split the dense rocks that stemm'd the rapid flow
Of Peneus, low beneath whose noisome wave
Untill'd Thessalia lay in marshy grave :
From tall Olympus stricken Ossa flew,
Whose riven summit tow'r'd a mountain new :
The long-pent waters through the fissure wide
Sprang to the main, to meet the parent-tide ;
In feculence rich, by colonists possest,
The well-drain'd bed was soon by culture drest.
But when Sicilia's fundamental rock
Asunder split beneath the trident-shock,
As through the yawning chasm rose Pluto's car
To earth above, on high, around, afar
Thrill'd trepidation through the blue expanse,
The lamps eternal from their orbits glance ;

Pluto's horses terrified at the sun . . . he lashes them on.

E'en slow Boötes, accelerated, sped
With fear's precipitation, hurrying fled
Beneath the horizon ; wilder'd in amaze,
Arctos conceal'd his fear-pallescent blaze
In seas denied his course ; with feeling drear
Orion own'd the agony of fear ;
And sky-capp'd Atlas, quiv'ring with affright,
Quak'd at the neighing of the steeds of night.
These, as they saw the golden disk of day,
Snorted black fumes that veil'd the cheering ray ;
Plung'd, rear'd, then bounded on in mad affright,
Scar'd by the brilliance of celestial light.
Strangers to sunshine, as in darkness bred,
Back to lov'd Hades they again had sped ;
And back they curv'd, the traces trail the ground,
They wring the chariot-beam obliquely round :
But, lo ! their haunches feel the whizzing thong,
Reckless of light, as light they fly along,
Like the cataract's glance by winter-flood swell'd,
Or spear faster flying by hero impell'd ;

Terror of the nymphs . . . anger of Minerva.

Like the Parthian-wing'd arrow, the hurricane wind,
Or wit's sudden sally that darts from the mind :
With blood-streak'd foam the sable reins were painted,
While, from their lungs, the breeze of heav'n was tainted
With death's miasma, and the spongy ground
Absorb'd the reeking froth they flung around.
Soon as the nymphs espied the fearful car,
Falcon-wing'd terror hurried them afar,
And Proserpine fled ; but with horrific stride
Enraptur'd Pluto seiz'd his fated bride,
And plac'd her in the car,—wild shriek'd the maid,
Craving with tearful eye her sisters' aid.
Vainly Minerva bar'd the Gorgon's brow ;
Vainly Diana bent the murd'rous bow ;
Vainly they long'd to vindicate by arms
The bitter insult to their common charms.
Stern stood the monarch of the iron crown,
Deaf to sigh, pray'r, threat, promise, flatt'ry, frown ;
As a young lion o'er the heifer stands,
Pride of the herd and beauty of the lands,

Her indignant address to Pluto.

He tears the vitals with ensanguin'd claw,
(With quarter'd limbs begrim'd his spuming maw,)
Shakes the black blood-clots from his shaggy mane,
Shows his white fangs that, gnashing, grin disdain,
To mock the shepherd's unavailing pain.
Minerva first the awful silence broke,
Thus to the daring violator spoke :
“ Despot of phantom slaves ! unmatched in love
By am'rous Neptune and imperial Jove !
Have fiends and furies all conspir'd to fire
Your recreant soul with masterless desire,
That thus ye steal from Erebus, and dare
With Hell's black equipage pollute our air ?
Surely some demon of your dark recess
Might win your ugly soul with ugliness ;
Sure in your eyes the Furies might have charms,
They, they alone, can grace your husband-arms.
Away ! leave Jove's domain,—you trespass here :
Begone !—contented in your proper sphere ;
Confound not light and darkness, life and death,
Nor blight our system longer with your breath.”

Minerva attempts to stop the horses . . . Jupiter's approval of Pluto's conduct.

Loud was her tone ; her cumbrous orb of brass
Struck the fierce steeds, that onward sprang to pass.
They stopp'd : o'ershaded by her streaming crest,
The Gorgon snakes their mettled might repress.
She pois'd her lance : its vision-marring ray
O'er the black chariot beam'd unusual day.
A moment more—Heav'n yawn'd—tremendous Jove
Sanction'd the tie in thunder from above ;
Red through the rent cloud flash'd the bolt of peace,
That bade Minerva's opposition cease,
Their nuptial torch the forked lightning's flash,
Their nuptial song the pealing thunder-crash.
To Jove's constraint the goddess-virgins yield ;
Disarm'd, Diana thus her woe reveal'd :

Farewell, belov'd maiden ! the dictate of duty
Enjoins me to bid thee for ever farewell ;
My arm from abduction would rescue thy beauty,
But, say ! can my arm 'gainst a father rebel ?

Farewell, belov'd maiden ! though destiny sunder,
Forget not Diana, thy sister and friend ;

Diana's lament for the loss of Proserpine.

I would follow, aid, save thee, but Heav'n's own thunder
Forbids me the cheering assistance to lend.

Consign'd by thy father to silence and sadness,
No more will thy Ceres her darling enfold ;
No more with thy nymphs wilt thou gambol in gladness,
Nor the love-beaming eye of Minerva behold.

Oh ! why do cold Fate's machinations assail thee ?
Why furies and demons against thee combine ?
With tear-clouded lustre our stars shall bewail thee,
And weep when no more on thy beauty they shine.

How joyless without thee to track the wild savage,
To chase through the forest the lion and boar ;
In Parthenian wilds let them riot and ravage,
My nets and barb'd arrow shall harm them no more.

No longer shall valley and mountain, the melos
Loud-ringing, re-echo of hunter and horn ;
While sorrow shall stifle his flamen at Delos,
Apollo, thy lover, how wretched and lorn !

Proserpine's bitter lamentation.

She said.

Her vain lament was pity's strain,
While Proserpine shriek'd in loud lament as vain ;
Tore her bright hair, that, as the chariot pass'd,
In broad divergence flicker'd on the blast ;
Beat her fair breast that heav'd convulsively,
And thus address'd the fume-enshrouded sky :
" Remorseless Jupiter ! unpitying sire !
Canst thou with demons 'gainst a child conspire ?
With thy connivance is thy daughter hurl'd
From friends and freedom and the sunlit world ?
More grateful far thy nuptial thunder-roll
Had peal'd annihilation to my soul !
A father thou, canst thou remorseless see
A daughter's tears, a mother's agony ?
Tell me, oh ! tell me, does transgression doom
Phantoms my friends, forgetfulness my home ?
When rebel giants warr'd on Phlegra's field,
Did this slight arm a hostile pennon wield ?
When ice-tipp'd Ossa on Olympus rose,
Did these frail hands assist thy giant foes ?

Proserpine's bitter lamentation.

For aught evinc'd in word or deed amiss,
Say, am I hurried through this dread abyss?
Ye happier fair, whose virtue-marring charms
Have grac'd compulsively a spoiler's arms,
Say, have ye lost communion with the sun,
Like me by passion's turbulence undone?
Lost—lost—for ever lost! I, wretched maid,
By woman's wile and nature's sweets betray'd;
I—I alone—lose honour, peace, and light,
Home, friends, and day, for hate, and shame, and night;
Exchange the solar for the Stygian scene,
A despot's creature though in name a queen!
Ye blooming flow'rs! how could your fatal bloom,
And thou too, Venus, lure me to my doom?
How could your perfume charm my sense away,
And thou so sweetly smile, so base betray?
The illusion fades,—I see, I see my lot!
A mother's counsels, too, through thee forgot;
Her rave I hear, her agony I see,
A triumph worthy of the fiends and thee.
Where, where, forgotten one, oh! where art thou,

Proserpine's bitter lamentation.

Whose parent-arm alone could save me now ?
Hear ! fly to save me—hear ! from Phrygia's wild
Thy disobedient, yet repentant child !
Yet there, if there thou art, my cry is vain,
The loud pipes stun thee with discordant strain ;
In vain my cry, if down in dell profound
Thine ear is deaden'd by the hideous sound
Of clanging cymbals and the clash of steel,
Where Cretan priests in frantic sword-dance reel.
Oh, save ! from desolation save ! the steeds restrain !
Haste, and resistless grasp the spoiler's rein ! ”
The frantic maiden, lovelier in distress,
Now reach'd the acme of her bitterness ;
Distraught convulsively, she still appears
Bright as the rainbow, symmetry in tears.
This eloquence of tears, this aptitude of woe,
Enhancing beauty, struck a novel throe
Of strange emotion through the iron heart
That never yet had felt the raptur'd smart ;
Felt, for the first time felt, infernal Jove,
The heavenly thrill of sympathy and love.

Pluto's reply to Proserpine.

With dingy stole he wip'd her tears away,
And strove emotion's conflict to allay.
“ Light of my life, my Proserpine! restrain
A grief as fruitless as your fears are vain !
Your fortune calls you to a grander sphere,
More bright and gorgeous than you cherish here,—
A throne and husband worthy of your charms,
My potent realm, these ever-shielding arms !
Yes ! the proud son of Saturn is your own,
Boundless in might, and peerless in renown.
Fear not for light, but joyous leave behind
Earth's light impure for brilliancy refin'd.
Bright is my sun, incomparably bright,
More clear and gorgeous than Apollo's light:
Think with what rapture will your bosom swell
To view Elysium, where the righteous dwell ;
Where dwell the relicts of the golden age,
Unchill'd by cold, unscath'd by summer's rage :
Long have I held, and long ourselves shall hold,
Domains that once the host of Heav'n controll'd,

Pluto attempts to console Proserpine.

While they had worth and merit to possess
The bright perfection of such blissfulness.
Sweet are my meads, and sweet the flow'rs that grow,
And sweet the zephyrs that unceasing blow ;
Flow'rs that ne'er bloom'd, and gales that never blew
On humble Henna, so belov'd by you.
To crown our glades shines, glorious to behold,
A branchy tree of vegetable gold :
Sacred to you, for you its boughs shall glow
With golden fruit, and endless autumn know.
Trash, trifles, gew-gaws,—words are lost on these ;
The tenants of the earth, the air, the seas,
In fount, in lake, and river's rapid roll
That breathe and sport, your sceptre shall control.
You, as her regent, shall the moon revere,
The seventh glory of the shining sphere ;
Whose silver orbit parts the starry clime
From changing realms, corruptible by time.
The purpled tyrant and the peasant slave,
Bereft of all that pomp or penury gave,

Reception of Pluto and Proserpine by the infernal host.

Levell'd in death's equality, shall kiss
Your regal feet in parity of bliss.
Nay! untried ghosts of countless years shall come,
Cow'd at your feet, to learn their final doom :
Virtue, confess'd, shall go to bliss indeed,
And vice, unmask'd, receive its fearful meed.
The Fates, attendant on your nod, shall wait :
My fair one's nod in future shall be fate."

He spoke

and cheer'd his coursers fell.—

In countless myriads, ghosts around
Throng to the yawning gates of Hell,
To view the monarch's chariot bound.
So throng the dead leaves down the vale,
Swept through the forest in the gale ;
So burst the hail-drops from the cloud,
When heav'n condensing vapours shroud ;
Or spray on breakers shiv'ring o'er,
Or sands, uplifted from the shore,
Encolumn'd in the whirlwind's roar :

Reception of Pluto and Proserpine by the infernal host.

Age upon age, they crowd the scene
To view their lord and maiden queen.
The despot saw their countless file
With look serene ; a stranger-smile
Mock'd, with expression bright and brief,
His frowning brow of stern relief.
Foremost in craven homage stood
The god that rules the sulphur-flood ;
His face a liquid disk appear'd,
With brimstone trickling from his beard.
The spectral grooms attend the gate,
Chosen to guard the car of state :
Quick on the meads, from bit releas'd,
The coursers sought the well-earn'd feast.
Lin'd are the courts with hangings gay,
The vestibules with green array.
The vassal dead with robes adorn
The nuptial chamber, Hymen's bourn.
Elysian dames are thronging seen
In holy train to hail their queen :

Universal jubilee in the infernal regions.

With converse sweet they hush her fear,
With winning words the lone heart cheer ;
They bind her wild locks' straggling rush,
O'er which the veil's symbolic blush,
Bright as the fire, is thrown. In glee,
And loud convivial jollity,
The mighty nations' buried dead
To join the gay carousal sped.
The Manes to the banquet throng
In coronets ; the nuptial-song
Unwonted floats the silent gloom,
Erst dull and dismal as the tomb :
That silent gloom, so deep and dense,
Diminishes in hue intense.
The judge forbore in fearful urn
The destinies of man to turn :
Still was the lash, and hush'd the cry
Of tortur'd guilt in agony:
Still on his rack the robber hung,
And Tantalus cool'd his burning tongue ;

Universal jubilee in the infernal regions.

The giant stood and stretch'd his length,
Nine ox-hides broad, of sinewy strength.
The vulture ceas'd to gorge his craw,
Forbore to plough the furrow'd breast
For living morsels red and raw,
Nor on the endless liver prest :
Glutted, his sullen feast forbore ;
Though sated, griev'd it grew no more.
The Furies spar'd the guilty souls
The lash and threat : o'er festive bowls,
While twin'd their social snakes the rim,
They fill'd the goblet to the brim,
And join'd the hymenæal hymn.
Now chang'd the stream of tears his tide
To milk, and lav'd his soften'd side :
The birds o'er still Avernus sail'd,
Whose pool no pestilence exhal'd ;
The stream of sighs in dimpling wine
Ran crown'd with bacchanalian bine.
The life-thread scap'd the fatal shears,

Nuptials of Pluto and Proserpine.

And Death awhile forbore to roam :
No earthly mourners vied in tears,
No parent wept his children's doom ;
No seaman drank the whelming main,
Nor foeman bit the gory plain.
Death and disease and pain were driv'n
From ev'ry city under heav'n :
With rushes Charon wreath'd his hair,
And, freightless, cheer'd with songs the air. . . .

* * * *

Eve's Star had climb'd the nether sky
Mid merriment and revelry ;
Star-bosom'd Night approach'd her side,
A bridemaïd meet for trembling bride,
Shed her dark influence o'er the bow'r of state,
And drew indissolubly the ties of fate.





Part III.



LYRICS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



"Laborum dulce lenimen."

LYRICS
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



LINES

SUGGESTED BY A MOONLIGHT PAINTING.*



THOUGH friendship's merit oft inspire
The poet's lay and minstrel's lyre,
Yet is the snarling cynic found
To say that friendship's but a sound,
A shadowy dream, an empty name !
Who shall the taunting railer shame ?
One—who returns with glow divine
From hallow'd friendship's lonely shrine ;

* Representing in the foreground a female figure with an Indian, emerging from the depths of a Canadian pine-forest. A watch-dog is running to them barking, to announce the approach of strangers to the inmates of the shanty, that appears in the middle ground. On a bench by the door is seated a squaw. In the distance is lake Simcoe glittering in the moonlight, in a creek of which appears a small canoe. It may be premised, that these lines were written on hearing from a lady some particulars respecting the above painting, of which herself was the subject.

Hailing the cheerful moon at last,
The dreary pine-wood's limit past,
As from its gloom-encircled verge
Herself and Indian guide emerge.*
She comes not from the palace-hall,
The rout, the play, or glitt'ring ball ;
But from a happy forest-bow'r,
Where, far aloof from pomp and pow'r,
Friendship and love with freedom bloom,
Free as the pine that shades their home.
There has she left that off'ring rare,
On friendship's altar fresh as fair,—
A heart sincere, more rich than gem
That lights the monarch's diadem.
Friends, fortune, home, far, far away,
A desert wild she dares to stray,
Alone, unarm'd, a woman too,
In darkness braving want or woe ;

* She was returning from the very confine of civilization, on the N. E. bank of lake Simcoe, whither she had gone to fulfil a promised visit to a British naval officer. The undertaking, on the part of a lady "*qui n'est plus dans sa première jeunesse*," has been considered venturesome and extraordinary, by parties well acquainted with all the particulars.

Amid Canadia's woods so wild,
'That Nature on them never smil'd,'
That consecrated seem to rise
To her primæval mysteries ;
Where giant pines so veil the sky
With branch-inwoven canopy,
That straggling, few, and far between,
The stinted lunar rays are seen :
Where all is solemn, dark, and lone
With death-like stillness, save the moan
Of winds, or when the hooting owl
Joins the gaunt wolf's hungry howl ;
Or growls for blood the grisly bear,
Rous'd by hunger from his lair ;
Or echoed footstep, or loud crash
Of age-corroded pine or ash,
Telling how Time triumphant runs
His scythe o'er Nature's sturdy sons.
Sure, in the night-veil'd waste, the brave
Might fear to fill a nameless grave,
And think of scalp and tomahawk,
With such a guide in such a walk,

Or dread that in the Indian mind
Revenge a lurking place might find,
Did he reflect how Briton's hand
Had chas'd his lineage from the land,
And, with the thought, inflict the blow
To stretch his fellow-trav'ler low,—
A victim to appease the ire,
Nurs'd by the spirit of his sire;
Or, if not Superstition's creed,
That thirst for gold might tempt the deed.
Such terrors haunt the guilty breast,
The honest heart they ne'er molest.
Relying on her fathers' God,*
She desolation's empire trod,
Nor thought of prowling wolf or snake,
Or Indian ambush in the brake.

Now from the dusky forest's verge
Herself and Indian guide emerge.
The sable gloom to Luna's light,
By contrast yields a radiance bright.

* Her own sentiment.

So from the bolt and shackle free,
 The prisoner bounds to liberty.
 Resplendent beams the golden light,
 Contrasted with a dungeon's night.
 Not they that rove Siberia's snow,
 More joyous hail the solar glow
 Returning, or the Aurora gay
 O'er wintry Night's dominion play.
 The planets glow with diamond-blaze,
 Not dimly, as in realms of haze,*
 But, like bright suns to worlds divine,
 Through a pure, glorious ether shine.
 And next the watch-dog's voice they hear,
 Announcing man's abode is near ;
 Proving how Goodness deigns to bless
 The tenants of the wilderness
 With one, at least, unfailing friend,
 Whose love with life alone shall end.

Wider the 'clearing' yet expands ;
 By Simcoe's tide a shanty stands,

* A fact as yet unexplained.

Rough-hewn, excelling one degree
The wigwam wild of Cherokee.
Around, afar, high pil'd, wild-strewn,
As if by nature's convulse thrown,
The sylvan monarchs stretch their length,
Lopp'd of their limbs and branchy strength,
Whose crowns thro' years of storm had stood,
And cradled oft the eagle's brood :
While rifted, blacken'd stems proclaim,
How axe and fire the waste reclaim.
On the rude bench the ruder squaw,
Some Iroquaise or Chockataw,
With harsh salute the wand'rer greets,—
The harsh salute the guide repeats.
But soon the welcome rude is o'er,
And soon attain'd the shingled shore ;
Soon in the birch-canoe they ride
O'er Simcoe's moon-illumin'd tide ;
Where glow'd, uncheck'd by cloud or tree,
The moon's unbounded majesty.
Then, as the trav'ler's curious eye
Survey'd the glory of the sky,

The ambient constellations' glow
Above, and Simcoe's depth below,
That crystal depth where dwell the store
Of sylphids, fam'd in fairy lore,
“ 'Twas joy to think that very moon
On those she lov'd might glisten soon ;
That those same stars that round them rov'd,
Might light the eyes of those she lov'd ;
And how her joy would heighten'd be,
Could those she lov'd those beauties see.”*
While musing thus, the skiff had past
Deep Simcoe's arm, and reach'd at last
The craggy confine, where the maid
Requir'd her trusty sapling's aid :
The landing climb'd, by fortune blest,
Our rover reach'd her place of rest,
By hunger, thirst, nor faintness prest.

And now return'd, each peril o'er,
Safe landed on old England's shore,
Fancy by day, and dream by night,
Shall oft revisit with delight

* Her own sentiments.

The forest drear, the shanty rude,
The watch-dog of the solitude,
The hardy scion of the plain,
Simple, true-hearted St. Germain.*
And many a sweet and gen'rous glow
Shall that undaunted bosom know,
That durst 'earth's lonely bound' explore,
Canadia's waste, Ontario's shore,
The rolling globe's remotest stage
In solitary pilgrimage,
And brave the Atlantic's stormy flow,
To add a wreath to friendship's brow.

* The name of the Indian guide.



TO GENERAL M——,

ON HIS LEAVING SPAIN.



SWELL on, oh ! surge, and mourn, oh ! wind,
My native Spain I leave behind !
The tide that bears me far away,
Again may lave a Spanish bay ;
My gallant ship and valiant band
No more may reach a Spanish strand ;
Yet, oh ! while life and love remain,
I'll love thee, Spain !

Confounded be the traitor-band,
Whose wile with foes has fill'd the land !
Whose treason brought the Frenchmen on
To lov'd Castile from Arragon.
But traitor art, with foreign gold,
No chain shall forge my arm to hold ;
I'll roam the world, or else regain
Thy freedom, Spain !

REPLY TO THE QUESTION,

“WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP?”

WHAT is life without friendship? A vessel at sea,
Bereft of a pilot the rudder to guide ;
That drifts on unheeded with breakers ‘a-lee,’
The sport of the gale and the jest of the tide.
Should I meet with a soul, then, in wish and aversion,
As reason may dictate, responsive to mine,
I would fan the congenial spark with exertion,
Till it brilliantly flam’d into friendship divine.

To friendship an altar delighted we’d rear one,
And pile it with friendship’s best fuel,—esteem ;
Soon, fann’d by the vows of myself and sincere one,
The flame should with splendour and purity beam.
Like the fire of the Vestal, undying in story,
The rubbish of int’rest, or jealousy’s gust,
Should never extinguish the light of its glory
And life-cheering glow, till we slept in the dust.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON TWYNBARLWM,* IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.



WHERE once the bold Roman his war-watch was
keeping,
And view'd with emotion† the Severn's blue wave,
On lonely Twynbarlwm a hero is sleeping,
And death-like tranquillity hallows his grave.
Oh ! there, all alone, should I wish to be roaming,
To gaze on the landscape romantic and gay ;
Will mountains and valleys, with bright waters foaming,
Delight me ? No—never ! when Mary's away.

How sweet is the Ebwy, all peacefully flowing
Thro' vales where contentment with innocence dwell,

* The highest of a ridge of hills near Risca The name, according to some, means a mountain destitute of vegetation. On the summit is a cairn, under which probably a Cambrian hero reposes. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood, that it was used as a beacon-station by the Romans. The prospect from it is extensive, comprehending the Brecknock beacons, the Abergavenny hills, and the wild shores of the Severn.

† Reminding him of his native 'campagna felice.'

Like pearls on the tresses of beauty, bestowing
A brilliancy brighter to woodland and dell.
And surely the landscape, so lovely appearing,
Might happiness heighten or sorrow allay ;
No ! sunbeam nor breeze, that play o'er it soul-cheering,
Can ever delight me if Mary's away.

ON THE PEN.

LIFE'S light and shade, in sun and storm,
And nature's ever varied form,
The painter's art portrays ;
What was, what is, or what may be,
That tongue can tell or eye can see,
With living truth displays.

The torrent's roar, the zephyr's sigh,
Death's groan, the shout of victory,
And nature's every sound ;
Hate, love, and joy, with pity's strain,
Fear, rage, despair, and stern disdain,
In music may be found.

Though tint nor tone the pen display,
 It can the pow'r of both convey,*
 In magic type combin'd ;
 To lifeless paper language lends,
 Bids the dead live, joins sever'd friends,
 And paints in words each movement of the mind.

* “ Hæc per hyberbolen dicta, Lector benevole, accipias velim.
 ‘ Litera enim scripta,’ summâ licet arte, concentum illum sub-
 limem, quem ‘ Halleluiah ’ vocant, auri tradere nequit, nec animum
 dulcedine suavi, quâ “ tabula oculis fidelibus subjecta ” afficere po-
 terit.”—*Scholast. cap. i.*

ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Love's emblem true
 Of constant blue,
 A bright Forget-me-not,
 To Adam came
 And own'd with shame
 Its name it had forgot.

“ Sweet flow’r,” said he,
“ Remember me,
Your ‘name’s ‘ Forget-me-not.’ ”

“ In sun or shade,
And moonlit glade,
By rivulet or grot ;
In rosy bow’rs
Mid other flow’rs,
Your name’s ‘ Forget-me-not.’ ”
“ Sweet flow’r,” said he, etc.

With blushes true
The flow’r withdrew,
Where zephyrs fann’d the spot ;
Still, pluck’d by love
Or friendship’s hand,
It sighs ‘ Forget-me-not.’



TO ———,

ON HER THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

CHILD of my hope ! no radiant store
Of jewels, set in burnish'd ore,
Shall greet thy natal morn ;
But yet a father's warmest pray'r,
That thou mayst every blessing share,
Welcomes its brilliant dawn.

A down life's vale, bestream'd with tears,
Thou now hast rambled three short years ;
Not lamb of pastime full,
Nor bird that warbles on the bough,
Can be more innocent than thou,
Nor half so beautiful.

Bright as the hip, thy pouting lip
Invites the bee to come and sip ;
 And on thy downy cheek
The damask rose, with dew besprent,
With sunlit snow of lily blent,
 The purest health bespeak.

And in thy blue expressive eye
Art, science, and philosophy
 Appear in circle small ;
And though thou hast but little sense,
It beams with an intelligence
 That seems to scan them all.

And as, in favour'd Israel's prime,
The destinies of man and time
 With wond'rous lustre shone ;
Where glow'd upon the snowy vest
That clad the high-priest's holy breast,
 The talismanic stone :

So o'er it often seem to fly
Dim visions of futurity,
 The mysteries of thought,—
Of life and sublunary things,
Dumb, shadowy imaginings,
 By intuition wrought.

That thou art fat we all confess,
Yet not too fat for loveliness ;
 The contour of thy face
Would not, if thou wert thin and scant,
Expand with such exuberant
 Rotundity of grace.

The snow-drop, drest in spotless vest,
By purest dews of morning prest,
 May emulate thy mind ;
On whose fair tablet never yet
Has vice its fatal impress set,
 To dim its hue refin'd.

Young spirits, such as thou, my dear,
Tenant the celestial sphere,

Companions with the DOVE :
Of such as thou the Saviour said
The companies of heav'n were made
To dwell in endless love.

Long may the Lord the morning bless
With grace, and health, and happiness,
Till life's career is run ;
Once by His grace and wisdom blest,
Mayst thou live heedless of the rest,
Beneath a waning sun.

Adieu, dear child !—perchance 'twill be
More bright than morning infancy
Thy beauty's noon will shine ;
Yet time from me can ne'er efface
The beauty of that baby face,
While life and love are mine.

A SIMILE.



THE red west glows,
 The budding rose
 Droops with heat opprest ;
 In balmy sleep
 Yon babe 'gins steep
 Its eyes on beauty's breast.

Yet, in the moon,
 With dew-pearls soon
 The rose shall grace the night ;
 That child of hope
 Its eyes will ope,
 Refresh'd with brighter light.

With dew as glows
 The drooping rose,

As beams the eye from rest ;
So friendship's voice
Can bid rejoice
The soul with sorrow prest.

TO ———,

ON HER FIFTH BIRTH-DAY.

MAY lovely Lydia, good and gay,
Welcome oft her natal day !
Bright be the day through changing years,
And bright her eye undimm'd by tears !
Bright be her cheek with rosy health,
And rich her mind in wisdom's wealth !
Pure be her soul with Christian truth,
In age, in womanhood, and youth !
And may each natal day be giv'n
One nearer step to Christ in heav'n !

IN AN ALBUM.



ALBUM ! thy pages valued be,
For thou art friendship's treasury
Of gifts, bestow'd in being's prime,
Unfading in the wreck of time.
Each scrap and sketch shall have a tongue
Thy many-tinted leaves among,
To tell a tale of joy and tears
To me and mine in coming years :
Of *joy*, that ties are still unbroken
With those that grac'd thee with a token ;
Of *tears*, that some who swell'd thy store,
By fate remov'd, shall write no more.
Thy page, with rich remembrance fraught,
Shall oft refresh my weary thought ;
And banish sorrow from my heart
When other books would grief impart.
Then, Album, priz'd thy pages be,
For thou art friendship's treasury !

A BALLAD.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

“ Call upon me, and I will deliver thee.”

SHROUDED in shade is Hainault's glade;
Nor winking star nor moon
Illume the pall, wide spread o'er all,
At night's funereal noon.

Amid the trees the moaning breeze
Sings drear November's dirge;
Now loves the owl, with omen foul,
Her dusky flight to urge.

Through the dark air a ruddy glare
By fits the lime-kiln flings,
Where, circling round, the bat is found
To flit on restless wing.

Anon is heard of boding bird
 The raven's dismal croak,
 By levin-brands, where riven stands
 The famous Fairlop oak.

No fairies prance in merry dance
 Around that dying tree ;
 But midnight fiends howl with the winds,
 In dismal symphony.

Say, did a creak the silence break
 Of midnight chariot near ?
 Does rusted vane or sign complain,
 Harsh-scrooping on the ear ?

No ! on a hinge a cradle swings,
 Rock'd by the mutt'ring storm ;
 Whose iron bands embrace the hands
 And robber's blighted form.

Say, who is he whose gibbet-tree
 Defaces Fairlop's plain ?
 Whose corse around has Justice bound
 Her triple might of chain ?

Yon pitched frame had once a name
Of fear in Epping dale ;
The ballad Muse may not refuse
To tell his fearful tale.

A hundred years are gone and past
O'er Epping's stunted wood,
Since, where a beech-grove shed its mast,
A lonely mansion stood.

There, in its prime, in feudal time,
When Edward sway'd the land,
The titled great their day of state
Had spent in splendour grand.

Beneath the breast of earth at rest,
They with their fathers slept,
O'er keep and tow'r of faded pow'r
While ivied ruin crept.

But still, not all that lordly hall
Had shrunk beneath his hand ;

As if to spite Time's mould'ring might,
A remnant seem'd to stand.

There, blest by health, content and wealth,
Long dwelt two tenants bold ;
Father and son, the old and young,
The giants of the hold.

The senior's head with grey was spread,
His well-knit form was hale :
Though three-score years and ten had sped
Around him in the dale,

Time had not broke, but slightly shook
The stalwart vet'ran's frame,
Oft champion hail'd by Fairlop's oak,
In many a manly game.

His limbs the young with strength had strung,
Through temperance and toil ;
Nor ash or yew e'er tougher grew,
Than Will on England's soil.

No two were found the country round
More priz'd for honest fame ;

The child would lisp the name of Crisp,
As if it lov'd the name.

Their night was peace, their day was ease,
They knew not want or woe ;
And harvest, o'er, with golden store
Had fill'd the oak bureau.

Ere the moonlight, one dreary night,
Had tipp'd dark Epping's bough,
In kitchen state the farmer sate,
Forgetting team and plough.

Beside him Tray, a mastiff grey,
Lay coil'd in dream profound ;
While, dread of rats, two earless cats
Sat nestling on the ground.

Doff'd were his shoes, from tighten'd hose
Releas'd his brawny knees ;
The careless foot on fender put,
Enjoy'd a slipper'd ease.

Nought reach'd the ear,—the silence drear
Though clock and cricket marr'd ;
Or when the blast, swift hurrying past,
Hurtled the casement barr'd.

The panes were set in blackest jet,
Lin'd by the sable night ;
On them was cast, expiring fast,
A taper's flick'ring light.

'Twas waning late, as on the grate
His pipe's last ash he knock'd ;
The clock told ten, late hour for men
That foot it with the cock.

The log's last spark the chimney dark
Uprose, down howl'd the wind ;
When, tir'd, at length he stretch'd his strength,
And, yawning, spoke his mind.

“ How comes it, Tray, that Will should stay,
To-night from us so long ?
But Lucy,—yes, the cause I guess,
Ah ! Tray, I once was young.”

(Tray own'd his love with gentlest move
Of tail and half-op'd eye ;
Then 'twixt his paws his shaggy jaws
Replac'd most silently.)

“ I made it light to wake the night,
Till morning brought the sun,
In time gone by when, younger, I
His mother woo'd and won.

“ Well, well ; the day that's past away
'Tis weakness to recall ;
So I'll to rest, 'twill suit me best,
For dreary is the hall.

“ But, ere the stair I mount, in pray'r
Right humbly let me bend
To Him, whose arm alone from harm
Can me and mine depend.”

Slow from its nook with care he took
The silver-clasped Word ;
In accent calm he read the Psalm
Where David prays the Lord :

“ He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty’s shade

In confidence abide :

Thus to my soul of Him I’ll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
In whom I will confide.

“ His tender love and watchful care
Shall free me from the fowler’s snare,

And noisome pestilence ;

O’er me his wings shall ever spread,
And shelter my unguarded head,
His truth my strong defence.”

Now to his bed old Crisp had sped,

His grateful tribute paid ;

Soon o’er him sleep began to creep,
By conscience undelay’d.

In sweet repose, that labour knows,

He long entranc’d had lain ;

Till the young moon, though faintly, shone
Within his lattice pane.

* Psalm xci.

Its yellow ray had blent with gray,
And Chanticleer had spoke,
Ere from that sleep, so sweet and deep,
The vet'ran had awoke.

But, piercing clear, thrill'd through his ear
Of death the dismal yell ;
The brave might quake, the dead might wake,
To hear a shriek so fell.

With sudden start, confus'd in part,
Sat Crisp erect to hear ;
Again the yell—'twas fainter, fell
Upon his startled ear.

The tone he knew,—'twas Tray's,—he flew
From bed with startled bound ;
In the moonlight, but rusted tight,
His yeoman sword he found.

As down below he stole tiptoe,
Misgiving strange came o'er,
For all was still as, mute and chill,
He op'd the stair-foot door.

“Holloa, there, Tray! No answer?—Hey!

This silence does amaze—

Is’t Will come home?” then through the room

He cast a straining gaze.

Still as the grave the room was, save

The forest’s sea-like roar;

A foot he set within, but wet

And clammy felt the floor.

Yet more amaz’d, yet more he gaz’d,

Till, where the old bureau

A black shade cast, he saw at last

A dark form crouching low.

But of what kind, or man or fiend,

That sable mass might be,

Though huge and dense, the gloom intense

Forbade the eye to see.

Through the thick night, a gleamy light

Of eye-ball seem’d to glance;

Crisp trembled not, straight to the spot

He dauntlessly advanc’d.

“ Come out ! come on ! I fear thee none.
Say—speak ! I’ll strike thee dead— ”
When muzzle blaz’d and bullet graz’d—
Whizz—flash—his aged head.

With stunning bang a second rang,
And shook the echoing hall ;
The whizzing shot had harm’d him not,
But pierc’d the panell’d wall.

The priming’s light to Crisp a sight
Terrific did expose ;
For, with the flash and startling crash,
A blacken’d ruffian rose.

Quick as the boa his coiling o’er
The jungle tiger flings,
So with a bound, to clasp around
That form, the farmer springs.

With giant strain he strives in vain
To lay the ruffian low,
Who burst the bands of grappling hands,
As Sampson burst the tow.

Now, now 's the strife,—they fight for life,
The heat-drops fall as rain ;
As bull plies bull, they push, they pull,
Now down—now up again.

Stern, dumb as death, their gasp for breath
Blends with the hoarse wind's sigh ;
The wan young moon has reach'd her noon,
And peers on tremblingly.

Though torn, untir'd, they strain'd, they fir'd,
Still kindling with the fray ;
And, but for chance, the combatants
Had battled on till day.

But where the floor lay glib with gore,
Old Crisp unwitting slipp'd ;
And o'er a form,—'twas rough, yet warm,
(Poor Tray's) he backward tripp'd.

The hard fall shook the solid oak,
That met his snowy hair ;
By feeling left, of sense bereft,
Old Crisp lay welt'ring there.

The robber now, as 'twere, a vow
Of dogged silence broke ;
With demon curse and oath he first
Grim to the fallen spoke.

“ Ye’re down, ye’re done ! and I have won !
Now for your precious life !
The dead can tell no tales,”—with fell
Resolve he sought his knife.

Low o’er the ground he stretch’d all round,
Its gory blade to feel ;
When Tray he slew it from him flew,
And darkness hid the steel.

Though foil’d, he knelt,—still groping, felt,
Till, where a pick-axe leant
Against a hutch, at last he touch’d
That pond’rous implement.

“ Hem !—this—’twill do,”—then up tiptoe
He rose to strike ; the blow,
Flung back intense in vehemence,
Deep pierc’d the ceiling low.

'Twixt lath and wood so wedg'd it stood,
The axe to disengage
In vain he strove ; no might could move
Its fang,—he foam'd with rage.

He tried again ; again in vain,—
Yet nought avail'd his pow'r ;
He made amain a final strain,
When—steps approach'd the door.

“ Holloa ! how's this ? Is aught amiss ?
How comes the shutter broke—
The door unfast ? ”—within Will cast
('Twas he) an anxious look.

“ Tray, boy ! What ! dumb ? In time I'm come :
Is father yet awake ? ”
Within he stept, a shudder crept
Fast over as he spake.

Scarce was that word of wonder heard,
When furious at his throat,
With lightning force and gnashing curse,
The lurking felon smote.

In the dim night the blow fell light,
For William backward sprang ;
“Wake ! father, wake !”—the forest brake
‘Wake, father !’ echoing rang.

“Hah, villain !” Clear as bounds the deer,
Did William at him bound ;
As eagle’s stoop or whirlwind’s swoop,
He sprang to grasp him round.

What words can tell that combat fell !
The death-lock grappled hard ;
How in—how out—they wheel’d about
The room and outer yard.

The tragic scene that just had been,
Was quick enacted o’er ;
The ruffian tried within to bide,
And trip Will on the floor.

Will, strong as bold, from that dark hold
To haul him struggled hard ;
His youthful strength prevail’d at length,
He kept him to the yard.

The deep stone tank, where cattle drank,
He back'd the ruffian o'er ;
Whose might, at last, was failing fast,
Hard bruis'd and batter'd sore.

Clutch'd by the chin the tank within,
Will held him strongly down ;
The wave apace came o'er his face,
The robber 'gan to drown.

“ I choke for air—in mercy spare !—
To steal your fowls I came ;
I yield the strife,—spare, spare my life !
To drown me were a shame.”

Will mercy lov'd, his soul was mov'd,
His throttling gripe was eas'd ;
“ Your life I give—get up and live,”—
The ruffian rose releas'd.

Alas, poor Will ! the miscreant ill
Deserv'd that mercy shown ;
With dext'rous twirl and backward hurl,
He tripp'd Will o'er the stone.

With might and weight he press'd Will straight,
Deep in the freezing tank,
Whose temples now, and shoulders too,
The chilling fluid drank.

Like a young horse, Will writh'd in force,
Yet destin'd seem'd to die :
Soon from his throat uprose a note
Of gurgling agony.

Upright there stood, of knotty wood,
In the tank-floor a stake ;
This, (used for plug,) with twist and tug,
The thief avail'd to break.

Then blow on blow he rain'd below,
Till,—winding on his ear,
On the breeze borne, a distant horn
The ruffian paus'd to hear.

Dire frown'd the gloom of that dark room,
Will, too, seem'd stark and dead ;
So with the stroke, as morning broke,
The murd'rer turn'd and fled.

His chase the sun has just begun,
 Sweet blows the southern breeze ;
 Both hound and horn now swell the morn's
 Unnumber'd melodies.

The fleet dogs brush o'er briar and bush,—
 Sir George's hunting-train ;
 At the Crisps' gate, *surpris'd*, they wait ;
 Sir George drew bridle-rein.

“ Crisp loves the chase, his merry face
 Right glad are we to see.
 Away, there, Tom ! Run,—bid them come,”
 Sir George exclaims in glee :

“ My wonder's great that *they* are late,
 The first to join our pack.”
 Scarce was that word of wonder heard,
 When Tom flew, breathless, back.

“ Sir George, alight ! Oh ! sirs, the sight,
 'Twould melt a heart of stone !
 The Crisps I've found all dead and drown'd,—
 Come down, Sir George, come down ! ”

Sir George leapt straight the fasten'd gate,
The hunters follow'd hard ;
They heeded none,—wall, brick, or stone,
But vaulted to the yard.

Low in the tank, all green and dank,
Will, stunn'd and gory, lay ;
Its floor of mud was red with blood,
Its water ebb'd away.

Will, when the tug had drawn the plug,
Had scap'd a wat'ry grave ;
The wave, too, broke the plug's fell stroke,
As if his life to save.

Heav'n's guardian Pow'r, in that dread hot
Thus made the murd'rous stake
Will's sole relief, that deem'd the thief
Destruction's tool to make.

With pity's thrill they lifted Will,
All kindness were the throng ;
Adown his throat their cordials wrought,
They chaf'd his temples long.

Quick to his room they bore him home :

The father, by the stair,

Slow, nigh poor Tray, reviving lay ;

They plac'd him in his chair.

Strong waters soon dispell'd the swoon,

And Crisp to sense restor'd ;

The wond'ring throng to hear him long,

But Crisp,—he bless'd the Lord !

The vet'ran bold the tale then told,

The room with plaudits rang :

'Twas the belief the midnight thief

Was one of Turpin's gang.

“ Who, whence, or what,—I know him not ;

He's dumb, but tall and big,”

Cried Crisp. “ But, see ! the victory

Is ours,—for here's his wig ! ”

The wig thus found was handed round :

Cried one, “ This caxon grey

I've seen,—but where, I cannot swear,—

Somewhere before to-day.”

“ And I,” said one,—“ hah ! Padie Gunn,
I know it by the tie :”

With quick acclaim affirm’d the same
More of the hunters by.

For Padie Gunn to most was known,
A grazier tall and stout ;
Though long a tale did strange prevail,
That left his fame in doubt.

Whence he had come none knew, but some
Him Turpin’s friend believ’d ;
And that his wealth was gain’d by stealth,
Through Turpin’s hand receiv’d.

Sir George in haste a warrant trac’d :
Ere ten had struck the clock,
On mission sore, at Padie’s door
The officers had knock’d.

“ Your errand, pray ? ”—“ Oh ! Missis, say,
Is Mister Gunn at home ? ”
“ Oh, no ! By dawn he rose this morn,
To Smithfield he is gone.”

“ We’re sorry, Marm, and mean no harm,
Our errand *may* surprise ;
But—these few lines Sir George has sign’d,
To search the premises.”

“ Ah ! On my word, how most absurd !—
Pray let your search be made,”
With haughty toss and accent cross
The frowning woman said.

They search’d on high, they search’d below,
They search’d e’en under ground ;
They search’d again, but all in vain,
No trace of Pad they found.

Till in despair, as down a stair
One from the garret sped,
He haply saw a ceiling-flaw,
By recent plaster spread.

“ Oh, that ? ’Twas done,” hemm’d Mistress Gunn,
“ By—bricks the other night ;
As the wind blew, the ceiling through
They fell the chimney’s height.”

“No doubt ’twas so ; but, Marm, you know,
Our consciences to ease,
At the stair-foot we’ll merely put
This ladder, if you please.”

A deathly hue of ashy blue
Now blanch’d the beldame’s cheek,
Long red with ire, like coals of fire ;
She tried,—but could not speak.

They gain’d a roof, scarce weather-proof,
By blacken’d rafters staid,
Where the bleak wall and chimney tall
A dismal angle made.

There, on some hay, the felon lay,
One mass of bruise and wound,
Perdition’s son, grim Padie Gunn,
By hawk-ey’d Justice found.

The ceiling through they quickly drew
The robber’s pow’rless weight ;
To judgment hied,—doom’d soon as tried,
He met a murd’rer’s fate.

His corpse around with hoops was bound ;
With pitch besmear'd, his clay
A warning swang to Padie's gang,
A feast for birds of prey.

The Crisps, restor'd, long o'er their board
Liv'd Providence to thank ;
The sire,—to show the ceiling low,
The son,—the favour'd tank.*

Moral.

He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
In confidence abide :
Then to my soul of Him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
In whom I will confide.

* The leading incidents in the above ballad actually occurred in Essex, in Turpin's time. A slight change in the name and locality has been made. The only domestic servant was absent for a holiday.





A POPULAR EPISTLE
ON
THE UTILITY
OF THE
GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

ON
THE UTILITY
OF THE
GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

To W. K——, Esq.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

The *subject* of this communication is, in my humble opinion, of vital importance to the interests of education in general, and more especially to those of classical pedagogues. As I happen to be one of this class, your kindness will doubtless excuse a somewhat lengthy attempt to refute opinions, which, if acted upon, must eventually supersede our occupation. You may, perhaps, remember the tenour of our conversation the other day. In the course of it you expressed your conviction, that the study of the Greek and Latin languages was daily becoming less necessary, and, in a short period, would fall into

universal desuetude. The reasons you advanced in support of these assertions were, that all the best compositions in those languages had been translated ; and that, in consequence of the improvements in scientific knowledge, the student would be obliged to devote the time, hitherto applied to the study of the dead languages, to the theory and practice of Natural Philosophy. You moreover remarked, with more declamation than argument, that you considered the present classical system of tuition as a kind of mental tread-mill, and the classical tutor's employment the grave of genius, and himself like a squirrel in a rolling cage, or a mill-horse in a pound. Knowing you to be a professed votary of truth, and in the habit of weighing the major and minor points of propositions previously to decision, I crave pardon for believing you in this case to have prejudged the question, and somewhat hastily jumped to your conclusion. Against its soundness the '*argumentum ad verecundiam*' powerfully militates. If it be right, then must all the professional tutors of the British and Foreign Universities, as well as the great body of literati throughout Europe, have been educated on a fallacious principle, and at the present moment,

also, be advocates of a fallacy. It is freely admitted the universality of a system, like the general belief in any particular opinion, does not *prove* the system or opinion to be true, but is merely a strong presumptive argument in its favour. The strength of the presumption will be proportionate to the enlightenment of the times. That the present times are enlightened, while the most unremitting efforts are being made to separate error from truth, few persons will be inclined to dispute. Hence it would appear the more unaccountable how so many learned academic societies, both at home and abroad, should be all pursuing an erroneous course. It is my hope, however, you will be fully convinced, from the subjoined argument, that their course *is not only not erroneous, but the rail-road to general attainment.*

Without further preamble, then, it may be observed, in support of this position, that new discoveries in science, and new operations in art, are of daily occurrence; and further, that the nomenclature of such discoveries and operations is of Greek and Latin origin. The old nomenclatures, you may have remarked, as well as the modern ones, are derived from the same inexhaustible magazines of

expression. If the arts and sciences are daily expanding, and their nomenclatures in the same ratio, it will follow that the languages, to which the latter belong, must become proportionally more necessary. Unquestionably such nomenclature may be learned in a technological dictionary ; but Crabbe's *Technological Dictionary*, though an excellent compilation, and sufficiently bulky without the Addenda which the last two or three years require, can never be so portable a 'vade-mecum' in the pocket, as the 'quantum' of Latin and Greek in the head sufficient to enable the student to dispense with such ponderous tomes. You will here doubtless remark, there is no necessity for this foreign nomenclature, because the authors of new inventions might designate them by English appellations.*

The answer to this objection is obvious. By so doing, they would circumscribe the fame of their own discoveries. When Dr. Brewster invented his well-

* Were strength of expression alone requisite, the English tongue might be used for the above purposes in preference, because as much, or more, can be asserted in it, than in the Greek or Latin, in the same number of *syllables*. Language, however, like an edifice, requires certain harmonies. Elegance is indispensable as well as strength, and to the dead languages the English owes almost all its elegance.

known instrument, he did not entitle it ‘the-beautiful-form-beholder,’ but the *kaleidoscope*, a term compounded of three Greek words of similar import. Every well-educated Englishman or foreigner, on hearing of, or seeing, an instrument of the kind, would know immediately, by its name, it must be some optical improvement. A dead language, thus universally learnt and exempt from the mutations of living ones, is superior, as a vehicle of universal information, to any spoken language but partially known. Every well-educated man in the German States, in Poland, Prussia, Hungary, and other European countries, when he hears the word *stethoscope* applied to a particular instrument, knows that it is for the purpose of examining the chest. Whereas, were the instrument denominated a ‘breast-viewer,’ such Saxon appellation would require translation into all the languages of Europe, before its purposes could be surmised. The telescope, stethoscope, horoscope, microscope, and polariscope; the theodolite, eudiometer, gasometer, anemometer, hygrometer, thermometer, barometer, micrometer, and electrometer, with an infinity of scientific inventions, have been designated by Greek appellations expressive

of their uses. Their nomenclature is so extensive, that it would alone fill a volume, which might not comprise the technicalities of the fine arts, and of the mixed and applied sciences. Nay, the inventor of a process for hatching chickens, scorning the uncouthness of such an appellation as the 'patent egg-hatcher,' has denominated it the *Eccaleobeion*, a term compounded of four Greek words, which imply 'the calling life out of an egg.' A patent shoe without a seam was called, a few years since, by the sounding epithet of the *Patent Arraphostic*, which denoted its seamlessness. Appellations commencing with *anti*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *dia*, *peri*, and *para*, are exceedingly numerous, both in English and in French. A kind of patent soap is dignified by the title of *Rypophagon*, or dirt-eater, which latter name would have sounded 'uncouth to British ear,' though expressive of its detergent qualities. Our primitive Saxon would but ill supply us with terms for our new institutions, such as the Pantehnic, Polytechnic, Gymnastic, Callisthenic, Orthoepic, Orthopedic, Zoologic, etc.; or for the Panorama, Diorama, Cosmorama, Colosseum, Museum, Lyceum, Athenæum, Parthenon, and *id genus omne*.

Pope, my dear friend, has aptly observed, that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing:' the practice of the present day would seem, however, to discountenance the poet's assertion, for sciolism seems *a-la-mode*. It is the fashion to drink a 'little' of every thing, and consequently not 'deeply' of any thing. You will assuredly be convinced, on reflection, that a certain degree of familiarity with the dead languages is favourable even to sciolistic attainment. We must therefore limit the application of the poet's remark to Theology and Politics, to which the lamentable results of revolution in a neighbouring country show it to be peculiarly applicable. Those students, whose excellent motto is *Divide and Conquer*, must at every step experience the utility of classical knowledge merely as a *verbal* help. The medical student finds that the two words by which his very profession is denoted, together with all the terms, major and minor, in anatomy, surgery, pharmacy, *materia medica*, osteology, nosology, physiology, craniology, phrenology, botany, chemistry, electricity, and galvanism, are either downright Greek or Latin, or immediate derivatives. He finds the great masters of his art, Galen, Celsus, Boer-

haave, Van Swieten, Gregory, and all modern physicians, expressing their knowledge and prescriptions in Greek and Latin. Granted, much of their Latin is bad ; but he that knows the genuine can easily distinguish the spurious, as from the knowledge of the good coin the value of the counterfeit is readily estimated. In like manner, the naturalist discovers nine-tenths of the terms in zoology, entomology, phytonomy, mineralogy, conchology, geology, etc. to be of classic origin. The law student, in all the works of Blackstone, Coke, Wyndham, Holt, and other legal writers, meets with classic quotations, phrases, and derivatives in every page, and hears the happiest expressions used by the compilers of the Justinian Code daily and hourly on the tongue of our eminent judges, barristers, and other legal luminaries. He cannot but observe, also, that all the varieties of forensic process, writs, pleadings, and actions, are designated by Latin appellations. Without Latin, the real meaning of such terms as *capias*, *feri-facias*, *latitat*, *assumpsit*, *ignoramus*, *qui tam*, *quo warranto*, *habeas corpus*, *de lunatico inquirendo*, *magna charta*, *ne exeat regno*, etc., is but inadequately comprehended : in fact, the Latin technical-

ities of the law would alone fill a small volume. It is needless to trespass on your time by showing how the theologian, mathematician, mechanician, and scholars in general, express their leading ideas in classic phraseology. Such demonstration would exceed epistolary precincts.

If the preceding remarks be substantially true, it will follow that a portion of the Tyro's time cannot be better employed than in gaining a knowledge of those *universal* dialects, which will, almost instantly, enable him, in adult age, to master the vocabulary and peculiar literature of the profession that he may embrace. Literary institutions, established and supported by the best authorities, are spreading rapidly through our provincial towns. Many persons, in the habit of attending the lectures delivered in them, do not hesitate to avow, that much of what they hear is unintelligible on account of technicalities, even when the lecturer studies simplification and a popular style of address. It is admitted such persons may prepare themselves before-hand for the full comprehension of a lecture, by gleaning its technicalities from a dictionary; as a traveller, projecting a trip to France, may tutor himself for the *ἑπεα*

πτερόεντα of the road, and the expression of his wants, by books of dialogues. It is still more true that both parties would enjoy, the former his lecture and the latter his trip, with infinitely more intellectual gratification, if more conversant with the language to which they are about to listen. On the subject of nomenclature, you are doubtless by this time disposed to exclaim, "Sat prata biberunt."

It may be next observed, that the study of the dead languages will not merely facilitate the student's progress in the sciences, by enabling him to decompound their nomenclatures: should it be his aim to attain the most useful and polished languages of Europe, viz. the French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, he will indeed test the *utility* of his Latin acquirements, and find the old Roman language the master-key to the mint of their literature. A short special illustration will more clearly elucidate my argument than general assertion. I beg, therefore, permission to take a passage, at random, from *Gil Blas*, and to place its Latin roots in juxtaposition; by which arrangement, in my humble opinion, the close affinity of the languages will more forcibly arrest your conviction.

Meus magister appellavit unum medicum qui mihi
 Mon maître appella un médecin qui me
 dixit bonus me habere bene observatum quod
 dit bonnement après m'avoir bien observé que
 mea malacia* erat plus seria quam homines† ne pen-
 ma maladie était plus sérieuse qu' on ne pen-
 sabant et quod secundum tota illa apparentia
 soit et que selon toutes les apparences je garderais
 longum tempus illam cameram. Ille doctus impatiens
 long temps la chambre. Le docteur impatient
 de se reddere ad suam cathedram ne judicavit punctum‡
 de se rendre à sa cathédrale ne jugea point
 ad propositum de retardare suum partum.§ Ille amabat
 à-propos de retarder son départ. Il aima
 melius prendere unum alterum pro illi servire.
 mieux prendre un autre garçon pour le servir.
 Ille se continuit de m' *απαι* donare|| ad sinum¶ de una
 Il se contenta de m' abandonner aux soins d' une

* One meaning of which is, "a deranged stomach."

† It is probable the "am" was elided before the h, and *quam*
hom pronounced *quom*.

‡ One meaning of which is, "the sending forth a colony."

§ From *pungo*, implying not a . or tittle.

|| Aliter, from "ban of the church."

¶ Whence also *sem*.

ad qualem ille lassavit unam summam de argento
 garde à laquelle il laissa une somme d'argent,
 pro me in terram si morer, aut pro recumpensare
 pour m'enterrer si je mourrais, ou pour récompenser
 mea servitia si revenirem de mea malacia.
 mes services si je revenais de ma maladie.

So much for the affinity between the Latin and French. Allow me next to arrange similarly a quotation from Don Eugenio de Ochoa's compilation, called *Tesoro del Teatro Español*.

Paucæ personæ pro paucis quod se habent dedicatos
 Pocas personas por poco que se hayan dedicado
 ad cultum de illæ bellæ literæ, ignorant istam veritatem
 al cultivo de las bellas letras, ignoran esta verdad
 trivialem et tantas vices repetitam quod illud theatrum
 trivial y tantas veces repetida que el teatro
 Hispaniæ est a casu illud magis quod possedit non
 Español es a caso el mas rico que posee
 aliqua una natio. Porro theatrum Hispaniæ tan
 nincuna nacion. Pero ese teatro Español tan
 universè decantatum generaliter cognitum. Aut
 universalmente decantado generalmente conocido. O
 pro melius dicere admiratio traditionalis ad illa an-
 por mejor decer esa admiracion tradicional a los an-

tiqua ingenia dramatica Hispaniæ de cognitione
 tiguos ingenios dramaticos Españoles del conocimiento
 et studio de sua opera aut debemus considerare quomodo
 y estudio de sus obras o debemos considerarla como
 una de quales εἶδεα vulgaria moneta currens in
 una de aquellas ideas vulgares, moneda corriente en
 totus illos tempus et in totus pagus quæ a fortis
 todos los tempos y en todos los paises, que a fuerza
 de repetitæ se admittunt sine discussione et se
 de oirlos repetidas se admiten sin discusion y se
 perpetuant quomodo veritates inconcussæ.
 perpetuan como verdades inconcusas.

A similar comparison of the Portuguese with the Latin is unnecessary, as the former is but a dialect of the Spanish, mixed perhaps with fewer Moorish words. With one quotation from the Italian, this point of argument may conclude.

Tanta alta merita quæ concurrunt et illi habere semper
 Tanti alti meriti che concorrono et l' aver sempre
 procuratum illum honorem de illa patria sunt sto po-
 procurato l' onore della patria sono stati
 tentia motiva per quæ isti Nobilissimi Senatores
 potenti motivi per che cotesti Nobilissimi Signori

illum habent electum pro esse ad illam testam
 l'anno eletta per esser alla testa della
 illorum cum pagus et habent stabilitum unum com-
 loro compagnia e hanno stabilito un co-
 mercium plus ad ventum sine dubio ad illam
 mercio il piu vantaggioso senza dubbio alla
 Grandis Britannia quod redundat ad beneficium com-
 Gran Brittagna che ridonda al beneficio co-
 mune de illa patria et contribuet ad opulentiam splen-
 mune della patria et contribuisce all' opulenza splen-
 dorem et magnificentiam de civitates et ad manu teneo
 didezza e magnificenza di cittatidini ed al manteni-
 de unus numerus infinitus de pauperes.
 mento d' un numero infinito di poveri.

Let me not be understood to infer from the preceding arrangements, that all sentences written in these languages will furnish, when similarly paralleled, an equal amount of Latin roots; though it may be confidently advanced that, when thus treated, at least three-fifths of them will be found a disguised Roman language. A fair inspection of the preceding parallels will assuredly convince any unprejudiced mind, that the Latin is the master-key to the garden of European learning; the key, not the garden

itself; the scaffold, not the building; for we must ever remember, my dear friend, the mere knowledge of sounds is not the knowledge of things. It is not extraordinary so large a portion of our English words, particularly of our polysyllables, should be of Latin origin, when it is considered that the Romans occupied this country nearly five hundred years; and that, from the time of Julius Cæsar to the present day, their literature has been more or less influential on our diction. Many compositions, even of the last century, are but *partially* intelligible to the merely English scholar. The *Rambler*, the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, even the best of Sir Walter's novels, abound with Latin mottoes and quotations.

The very ritual of our faith, the Church Prayer-Book, still retains, at the head of each psalm, its ancient Catholic commencement. The great museum of antiquity, with its imperishable records of coins, epitaphs, statues, inscriptions, seals, manuscripts, and title-deeds, becomes locked and sealed to those wholly unacquainted with the dead languages. Who, in this age of light, would not wish his child to be able to read the Book of Life in the original? Who would wish him so illiterate that, when sauntering

amid the mouldering tombs, where haply his fathers repose, he should be unable to construe the epitaph and distich commemorative of their titles, virtues, and pursuits? Who would not regret his inability to tell the meaning of the hacknied 'tempus fugit' on the dial, reminding him of the swift lapse of time, and thereby rousing him to energy? or even of the 'RESURGAM' and 'IN CÆLO QUIES' on the funeral hatchment in the street, tacitly monitorial of future responsibility, and the promise of future happiness? Should the tourist, thirsty for information, enter a continental cathedral, the solemn invocation of 'ORA PRO NOBIS' sounds in his ears. Is it proper that the marble volumes in Westminster Abbey, which direct our patriotic youth to remember and to emulate British worth and prowess, should be intelligible to most well-educated foreigners, but beyond the perusal of our fellow-countrymen as much as if written in Arabic or Hindostanee? Many of our own, and most foreign public edifices and trophies, have Latin inscriptions. The legend on the very coin of the realm, 'VICTORIA DEI GRA: REG: FID: DEF:' is not fully comprehensible without some knowledge of Latin; nor are the legends of the Grecian, Roman,

British, and of foreign coins in general. How irrefragably does the legend 'JUDÆA CAPTA,' on the coin which represents a female mourning under a palm-tree, attest the fact of the conquest of Judæa, as recorded by historians ! and how effectually does it silence scepticism and infidelity, as to the fact itself ! On the armorial scroll of almost every carriage is a Latin motto, which perhaps, by habitual recurrence from infancy, awakens its bearer to a sense of moral duty. The mottoes of the public companies, *e. g.* that of the Greenwich railway,—*Crescit eundo* ; or of the Salters'—*Sal sapit omnia* ; nay, some of their very names, as the Atlas, the Phoenix, the Argus, etc. are, to a classic mind, signs of many ideas.

During the last fifty years, politics have been much more freely discussed in England and in France than at any previous period. The English and French of a certain age, are generally fond of politics. Ought not the politician, when he takes up the journal of the day to read the speeches of his favourite clique, to be able to appreciate the Latin quotations by which its members illustrate and corroborate their arguments ? The French themselves, on

recovering from the Vandal enthusiasm, which proscribed all antiquity as a dead letter, have partially returned to the ancient system of education, and now require their naval and military cadets to be able to construe and explain *Cæsar's Commentaries*, when examined for certificate. A common observation among the French is, "Oh! vraiment, la langue Française est calquée sur le Latin."*—But enough of this.

If an education merely English be given to our youth, in what respect will they be superior to the pupils educated on the present liberal and improved system in our national schools? In pleading for the *daily utility* of the dead languages, no one

* Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his interesting Memoirs, vol. i., gives the following copy of an inscription on the wall of an apartment in the Temple, at Paris, which is supposed to have been written, or pricked out, by the unhappy Madame Royale during her incarceration: "Marie Therese Charlotte est la plus malheureuse personne du monde. Elle ne peut pas recevoir des nouvelles de son père, ni de sa mère, quoiqu' elle l'est demandé milles fois." Sir Nathaniel points out, as inaccuracies of expression in this sentence, 'recevoir' for 'procurer,' and 'l'est' for 'l'ait.' Sir Nathaniel's corrected version, so far from being accurate, contains two solecisms and one orthographical error. The 'l'est' should be 'les ait,' 'demandé' 'demandées,' and 'milles' 'mille.' Had Sir Nathaniel cultivated his Latin more carefully, these errors would not have escaped him. —(Vol. i. page 220. 1836.)

would recommend so preposterous a measure as that every student should endeavour to become a first-rate Latin and Greek scholar. There are, perhaps, not more than three or four such prodigies in the world at the present day. By the epithet 'first-rate scholar,' is implied one who has a thoroughly *critical* knowledge of the languages; who can correctly and elegantly compose in them, in prose or verse, on any moral subject, without note or book of reference; and lastly, who can construe and explain some seventy tomes of their literature. It will be readily seen, that such scholarship is the work of a life; and even then, at the end of it, the dialogue of the language would be but imperfectly acquired, the familiarities and licences of which could only be attained by frequenting good Roman society for some years; but such society no longer exists. Moreover, the temporary and conventional meaning of some words and phrases can now be never learned, for the same reason. The fact is, that the study of most foreign languages, dead or living, develops difficulties in the prosecution, which were not obvious at the outset. The pursuit of science constantly presents unanticipated retardation. Geography, for in-

stance, at the first glance, appears an extremely easy study. Its divisions and sub-divisions are soon learnt ; but, as we progress in the science, and begin to consider its physical, mathematical, and political relations, and to compare the ancient and modern systems, we then find “ hill on hill, and Alp on Alps arise.” Truly has the prince of modern geographers, D’Anville, observed that “ there are still many difficulties in Geography.” We not unfrequently hear of polyglot scholars, who possess a knowledge of sixteen or more different languages. That there are linguists who know six, or seven, or eight different tongues *well*, experience may convince us ; but that any mortal ever acquired a knowledge, beyond that of the mere vocabularies, of sixteen or seventeen, would be an unsafe assertion. Mithridates is said to have known twenty-four, and to have administered justice in them. These, however, allowing for Eastern exaggeration, were probably cognate Asiatic dialects, and not radically different languages. The ability of Themistocles to remember the names of the soldiers in the Grecian army is not so questionable, when it is considered they were in clans, like the Campbells, Frasers, &c. of the Highlands. It is

commonly observed among students, that the Greek is never thoroughly learned, and that hundreds have grown grey and died in the attempt.

In resumption of the argument, after craving pardon for this long digression, let me direct your attention to our floating batteries, steam and merchant ships. Are not three-fourths of them distinguished by classical names? When we read of the Ajax, Bellerophon, Dejanira, Agamemnon, Diomed, Ulysses, Naiad, Dryad, Nerëid, Centaur, Chimæra, Bellona, Neptune, Triton, Amphitrite, Castor, Cæsar, Mars, Jupiter, Diana, Apollo, Hector, and Andromache, we find the principal names in classic mythology and history closely associated with British prowess. To such an extent has this nomenclature been carried, that it comprises almost every character of note.

The foregoing remarks, my dear friend, are, I trust, sufficient to prove the daily utility of the Classics as a *verbal* help. That the study of them is of daily benefit to the *taste*, time, limits, and qualifications will not allow me to show. It may be remarked however, *en passant*, that taste in language partly consists in the selection and employment of beautiful

metaphors. It cannot be denied that the dead languages have enriched the living ones with their most tasteful metaphoric expressions, such as Martial heroism, Herculean strength, Protean policy, Augæan stable, Augustan refinement, Hebean beauty, Adonic loveliness, Hygeian temples, Gorgon features, Circæan cup, Cyclopean architecture, Vesper bell, Agrarian law, Lyncean penetration, Sardonic grin, Saturnine complexion, Promethëan fire, Nectareous juice, Stentorian lungs, Elysian bowers, Sisyphean labour, Halcyon days, Hydra-headed monster, Procrustean system, Bacchanalian orgies, Vestal purity, Mercurial talent, Boreal blasts, Comic scenes, Hy-meneal bliss, etc., *ad infinitum*.

How strikingly are the varieties of human character expressed by historic art and mythologic tropes ! The man who has attained the acme of effeminacy is styled a Sybarite or a Sardanapalus ; of pride, a Lucifer ; of musical talent, an Orpheus ; of tragic excellence, a Roscius ; of pictorial skill, an Apelles ; of sensuality, a Satyr ; of ambition, a Phæton ; of duplicity, a Janus ; of apathy, a Stoic ; of voluptuousness, an Epicurean ; of honest fame, an Aristides ; of chastity, a Lucretia ; of conjugal faith, a Penelope ;

of surly integrity, a Cerberus; of vigilance, an Argus; of deceptive fascination, a Syren; of hoary wisdom, a Nestor; of cruelty, a Nero; of gluttonous infamy, an Heliogabalus; of disgusting rapacity, a Harpy; of enormous sensuality, a Caligula; of legal severity, a Draco; of pliant subserviency, a Satellite. Such expressions as Pegasus, Hippocrene, Lethe, Ambrosia, Stagyrite, Neophyte, Acolyte, Proselyte, Plebeian, Patrician, Coryphæus, Hybrid, Œdipus, Lacon, and a host of similar ones, daily present themselves in general literature. Each of such terms, whether dissyllabic or polysyllabic, *is a volume of moral description.*

With what tasteful emblems do the Greek and Roman architecture and sculpture furnish the mind! Phlegmatic, truly, must be the soul, that can contemplate them without being smitten by their beauty, without an improvement both in taste and feeling. Can we imagine a grander personification of wisdom than the common statue of Minerva? feminine from wisdom's loveliness; in invulnerable and shining mail from its brilliancy and incontrovertibleness; armed, too, with the spear, shield, and ægis, emblematic of wisdom's triumph over ignorance;

of fabled origin from Jupiter's brain, because even the benighted heathen saw, that from the great First Cause all knowledge must have emanated. On regarding the ancient statue of Saturn, how strikingly does the aged, but muscular, figure exhibit the duration, yet constant freshness, of time ! What a fine emblem of eternity is the serpent in his hand, with the tail in its mouth, devouring itself, as it were, and forming the ring without beginning and without end ! while the animal itself, from the annual renovation of its skin, is further typical of immortality. The scythe, again, depicts Time's destroying power ; the large wings, the mighty rapidity of his flight. The lock on the fore-part of the cranium inculcates promptitude ; while the baldness of the cerebellum indicates the futility of attempting to overtake him when once passed by.* The Roman fasces is, perhaps, as fine a symbol of strength consisting in unity, as could be devised. Well, also, is the elastic character of true courage, ever seeking, even under depression, to recover its right position, expressed by the elastic palm-

* I would here deprecate the imputation of wishing to 'tutorize,' my sole object being to awaken reminiscences which, once familiar, may have become somewhat obselete, and, like old friends, may not be unwelcome.

branch, the symbol of victory. What a pleasing type of the freshness and evergreenness of poetry is the laurel that entwines the shining locks of beardless Apollo! How expressive of the blessings of peace and industry is the olive of Minerva; and how typical of conjugal bliss are the myrtle and doves of Venus, as the torch of Hymen is of its warmth and purity! No less affecting symbols are the inverted and quenched torches, in our modern catacombs, which denote more vividly than language the chill nature of separation and death. How concisely are Tragedy and Comedy, with all their attributes, expressed by the simple sock and buskin! We constantly meet with cornucopia, caduceus, Pandora's box, the ægis of the constitution, the galaxy of beauty, the palladium of freedom, the apple of discord, the cup and the lip, the arrow of Cupid, the thread of life, the fiat of fate, the cap of liberty, the Gordian knot, the arena of disputation, the scales of Justice, the focus of corruption, the clue of the labyrinth, with an infinity of other figurative phrases.

Without multiplying further *verbal* examples, I would observe that *it is not sufficient to know the bare meaning of the preceding expressions.* The well-

regulated mind is not satisfied with learning what particular shape or quantum of brick and mortar may compose a Metope or a Caryatid figure ; it must have some acquaintance with the etymology and history of such words as well. On our very mantel-pieces, cornices, architraves, pediments, and capitals ; nay, on our fenders and grates, we see some Hellenic border, honeysuckle, lotus, or acanthus, to remind us of our debt of taste to polished Greece. How much do the capitals of Europe owe her and Rome for the invention of those unchanged and unchangeable orders of architecture, to or from which not a line can be added nor detracted without spoiling their proportion, light and shade !

The obligation, which the moderns are under to the Greeks, for enabling them to form a correct taste in heroic and lyric Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture ; in Geometry, Grammar, Logic, and History ; in Tragedy and Comedy, may be appreciated, but cannot be repaid. Let us then requite the debt we owe our tutors at least with gratitude. Let the Oxonian, justly proud of his logical acumen, reflect on his obligations to the great Aristotle, for having bequeathed to posterity the only true method

of moral reasoning by syllogism and category. The Gremial of Granta will do well to consider, how vain would have been the genius of immortal Newton, had not the equally immortal Euclid prepared it wings to span the immensity of space; vain, too, the analytic lucubrations of Euler and Laplace, had not Diophantus previously bequeathed them a clue to the mazes of algebra, wherewith he threaded intricacies through which, even with the clue, they have found it no easy task to follow him. Where would have been the glories of the Vatican and the Louvre; where the sculpture of Michael Angelo and Canova, had not Phidias and Praxiteles hewed the breathing statue from the Parian block? Where the sublimity of Milton, the nerve of Dryden, the harmony of Pope, the dithyrambic grandeur of Gray, the sweet dignity of Thomson, had not Homer, Pindar, Theocritus, and Anacreon, with a host of Latin imitators, taught them how to string and tune their harps?

Unquestionably, the leading facts in ancient history, mythology, and in military, naval, and civil antiquities, may be acquired by the English student from various English compilations; and the import

of particular words may be found in vocabularies; yet, as the Greek and Latin languages express most of the modifications of action, passion, time, person, etc., by change of termination, our acquaintance with these tongues will be slender indeed, if limited to their vocabularies. Surely, my dear friend, it is better that the student should acquire in early life, in the usual and regular course of classical instruction, knowledge thus indispensable to a liberal education.

“ Qui apprend jeune, apprend quinze fois.”

Let him, then, in the morning outset take such a lasting draught at the fountain-head, as will spare him the trouble of recurring to the stream in the noon and eve of his career.

I am aware that strong efforts are being made in certain quarters to banish from, or at least to curtail the study of Latin and Greek in our seminaries, in order, possibly, to introduce that of the German in their stead. It is not at all surprising a mania for change, both in the method and objects of tuition, should exist, when we consider that a mania for change, in almost every function of society, has existed for the last fifty years. Besides, such is the

love in the human mind of novelty, that, did it possess a hundred-fold more powerful faculties than it does at present, it would never be satisfied; for being itself infinite, it can never be satisfied with finite knowledge. A mania is harmless while confined to the cut of a Stultzean coat, a Gottingen cap, or an Oldenburg bonnet. When, however, it has reference to a subject so important as education, on which “depends the fate of nations,” the indulgence in it, and the *cui bono*, become serious questions.

A coincidence of *indescribable* circumstances may favour the contagion of a mania. In consequence of the unbounded facility of communication in the present day by post, press, and rail, new and striking opinions make the tour of the United Kingdom in a few days. An observation, much in vogue at present, is “that the German language is the finest in Europe.”* Influenced by this, and several similarly plausible assertions, some begin to think it high time to abandon what is called the old system, (as if the ever-to-be laid foundations of elementary knowledge could

* Most of the educated Germans firmly believe this to be the case. The Welsh entertain the same opinion of their language. —Vide the last page of the Rev. Mr. Davies' *Treatise on the Welsh Tongue*.

ever be old,) and to commence the study of German in its stead. The peculiar merits that may entitle the German to this pre-eminence, yet remain to be exhibited. Euphony assuredly is not one of them, whether we consider the euphony of its prose, its dialogue, or its poetry. It is not likely that, even in a fair Saxon mouth, it can ever compete with the vocal Italian, as a vehicle for "words that breathe and thoughts that burn." It was with the greatest difficulty so good a judge of his native language as Frederick the Great, was convinced to the contrary, and there is no doubt that his real conviction remained unshaken. This competition it can never successfully maintain, till divested of its Teutonic burr, its Celtic guttural, and Anglo sibilance; until, moreover, it discards the Gothic characters of its alphabet, and adopts the simpler ones employed by other European nations. Nor is it likely the German will ever supersede the French as a language of diplomacy and conversation. Should a Congress again assemble at Vienna or Paris, the language employed by the various functionaries in correspondence, debate, and colloquy, would probably be the French, as heretofore, and not the German.

First, on account of the acknowledged superiority of the former in conversation, precision, and, above all, invariability of expression: and secondly, because it is unlikely the Southern diplomatists, by whom French is readily acquired, in consequence of its being sprung from the same parent as their own tongues, viz. the Latin, will ever master a language with which their own has so little affinity. Hence it may be fairly inferred, that the German will never be the leading or first language of Europe. That its literary treasures are very great, is undeniable; but that our own native ones are greater, may be confidently advanced. The student, who is deeply read in the English literature of the last two centuries, after perusing, in toil and watchfulness, the best tomes of German divinity, poems, philosophy, and general literature, will perhaps find his mind unsettled on most established opinions, and that he has only been labouring to construe what has already been better expressed in his own less Gothic language. Thus will he haply remind us of the tourist, who, tired with foreign scenery, climes, and habits, finds England at last 'quite good enough for him,' and regrets he should ever have spent so much

valuable time in search of the foreign picturesque, while the beauties of his native England remained unknown and unappreciated. It may be well to remember also the German is a very copious language; and, although an indifferent facility of conversation may be attained in a year or two, that it will be the work of many to gain a satisfactory knowledge of its scientific, sentimental, and above all, of its mystical authors.

You will, I trust, pardon this digression on the subject of the German, inasmuch as it emanates from a sincere, though perhaps erroneous conviction, that the ultimate benefits derivable from its literature will by no means equal the student's preconceived expectations; or, at least, will not adequately repay his expense of time and trouble in deviating from the trodden course. Should he persist in that course, already hallowed by so many illustrious footsteps, let him be cautious how he mistakes every *ignis fatuus* which flits across it, for a safety-beacon to a literary El Dorado; let him be cautious how he listens to the Dousterswivels of the day, who profess to discover to him intellectual ores, that his own insular fogginess of vision prevents him from descrying. A

sound knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and French languages, with a tolerable command of the Italian, and some acquaintance with the Spanish, have long been considered indispensable to a finished education. If the student be called upon to master a sixth language, as difficult from copiousness and phraseology as any of the former, he will naturally be led to ask what time will be left him to examine those branches of the tree of science which are daily expanding, as the means of intellectual culture is improved? Is all his time to be spent on dialects, the mere knowledge of which cannot, *per se*, be called learning? It may be justly apprehended that such a division of the powers will lead to general sciolism, whereby the student will become a talker in every thing, and a master of nothing.

There can be little doubt that the Greeks arrived at the 'ne plus ultra' in the fine arts and abstract sciences, because they had no language but their own to learn, and concentrated their thoughts to the attainment of a few objects. From what they did in so short a space of time, we may judge of what they might have done, had they not lived before the 'fulness of time was come;' before the

Christian dispensation could sanction and establish their political and educational systems. As similar causes will ever produce similar results, it is most probable they would have ultimately attained an excellence in the mixed and applied sciences, similar to that in the abstract ones, and in the fine arts. The introduction of German to the *exclusion*, or considerable curtailment, of classic literature, with its concomitant new primers, grammars, dictionaries, dialogues, short and easy methods, and other elementary ‘*tromperie*,’ will be an event ever to be deplored. I truly hope the impression to this effect may have been produced, not by sound argumentation, but by educational quackery, which, like that in politics and medicine, is the bane of the age.* Delatinize modern English, and the jackdaw, with its borrowed plumes, will indeed become a scarecrow.

It has been before remarked, that a dead language, as an universal means of communication, is superior to a living one. A dead language is exempt from change. Our own, for centuries, has been in

* It is needless to observe, that the above remarks respecting the German, are principally applicable to such students as intend to proceed through the public schools to the universities.

constant mutation. Spenser could hardly comprehend the vocabulary of Chaucer, nor the wits of Charles the Second's age that of Spenser; while Milton's diction began to appear antiquated to Addison and his cotemporaries, so Addison's, in a very slight degree, savours of antiquity in our taste, both as regards orthography and phraseology. The question has been asked, whether, if all works that are now termed standard were transferred into Latin, they would not be more likely to go down the stream of time with less prospect of sinking in its vortex? A tolerable Latinist may make his wants known over as large an area of the globe by means of Latin, as he could by the French or German singly.

In reply to your observation, that the study of the heathen mythology is calculated to lessen religious belief, it appears on a par with Rousseau's notion of the impropriety of teaching children by fable, so successfully confuted by Cowper. It would seem, on the contrary, that the wondrous holiness and superlative beauty of our religion are exhibited more forcibly in contrast with the impurity and loathsomeness of divinities, whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust; whose votaries believed the events of futu-

rity could be predicted from the feeding of a chicken, or a spot in the intestines of an animal. You also remarked, that improper sentiment might arise from the study of the ancient poetry. This objection has been, and is often made; and yet the refutation is easy. Because (which seems a fact) some French and English authors have outraged all decency, and far exceeded the antients in licentious composition, are not the French and English languages to be studied? Is there not enough aliment in Homer and Xenophon's voluminous works; in Thucydides, Herodotus, and the Greek theatre and philosophy; is there not plenty of rich food in Livy, in the ten volumes of Cicero's oratory and philosophic disquisitions, in the pages of Virgil, Curtius, Nepos, Cæsar, Quintilian, and of numerous others, to fatten the young intellect without garbage? Besides youth do not construe objectionable passages with adult feelings; and where such do occur, (for which, by the by, there is no necessity,) every qualified tutor knows how to make a whole class construe them without perception of their real import. Ancient improprieties have been aptly compared to the infant's nudity, and modern ones to the cyprian's.

If, my dear friend, the usefulness of the dead languages has been established by the preceding observations, and if they are the only key to a rich garden of study, whose endless productions must, more or less, become the objects of the student's consideration, it follows that a pupil ought to begin the classical course in early life. Certainly at not a later period than the seventh year. The standard of requirement has been considerably raised, and very properly so, in the examinations at both the universities, in the inns of court, in the apothecaries' and surgeons' halls, in the military and naval colleges, and in the public schools. By early commencement, the Tyro surmounts the task of 'hic, hæc, hoc,' and 'j'aime, tu aime, il aime,' at a time when he is careless, and would as soon learn one thing as another; whereas, should the dry bones of grammar be given for the mind to feed upon at the age of fourteen or fifteen, when it is longing for palpable, tangible solidities, the task of digestion and rumination becomes insufferably tedious; because the expanded mind will ever feel galled at being obliged to commence at noon, what ought to have been begun in the morning. Nine of the 'seri studiorum'

out of ten, either forego the task through despondency, or, on arriving at mediocrity, are inflated with extravagant conceit. When a pupil is learning ‘amo, amas, amat,’ and ‘j’aime, tu aime, il aime,’ he is acquiring, at the same time, his own language in the corresponding words, ‘I love, thou lovest, he loves.’

But it is not in mere etymology, in the mere declension, conjugation, and derivation of words, that the youthful student is benefited. It is not that his *memory alone* is improved by the daily enlargement of his vocabulary. While learning the principles of Latin concords and government, he is learning simultaneously most of those which regulate the French and other European languages, and, analogically, his own. By the constant consideration of particular compounds and synonymes, he acquires a facility of appropriate expression, and of ‘putting the best word in the best place.’ He discerns the shades and gradations in the import of words, those almost imperceptible ‘nuances d’expression,’ which are so difficult to appreciate. The more nearly words approximate, the more difficult is our perception of their essential differences. The eye readily discerns

contrasted colours, but is obliged to consider approximate tints in careful collocation, duly to estimate their force. But words are the colours in which we paint our thoughts, and the links that 'blend the social chain.' How necessary it is, then, that their connexion and dependence should be precisely and adequately ascertained.

With reference to construing, much more is gained by that praxis than a certain amount of Latin and Greek words. Every construing lesson may be, and ought to be, made a means of spiritual and moral improvement, both by contrast and parallel. From the rigidly literal translation of mood for mood, case for case, and tense for tense, the pupil proceeds to express his thoughts more idiomatically in the mother-tongue. When further proficient, he ventures on freer translation, leaves the letter and tries to catch the spirit. He is next supplied with the skeletonized subject, in order that he may fill it up with a body of his own self-emanated ideas, and clothe them in his own language. By such exercise, not merely the memory, but the grander faculties of reason and imagination, are strengthened. Nor can the young mind be continually employed in construing the

Grecian and Roman histories, without gleanings of useful information. Among profane histories, no one, for examples of prudent counsel, grand action, and heroic conduct, is superior to that of the Roman republic. None are superior to the Roman historians in fertility and strength of sentiment, in propriety, elegance, and copiousness of diction. Surely no pupil can peruse their interesting details, (under proper explanation and comparison,) without improvement in the tone of his moral feelings, and in his general knowledge of the religion, politics, customs, manners, laws, and civil and military antiquities of the two greatest nations that the earth ever beheld.

In perusing the poets with due guidance, the young imagination, that glorious faculty, is quickened by glowing sentiments of heroism and other virtues, captivated by graphic descriptions of natural beauty, and excited by stirring incidents of 'field and flood.' The practice of Latin versification imparts the mechanism of verse in all languages; while that of elocution attunes the ear to lyric and heroic rhythm and melody, and the tongue to recitation and public speaking. The pupil, on finding his inability to make his line with this or that particular word, taxes his

memory, or his *Gradus*, for a synonyme, with or without an epithet, as circumstances may require. If such do not exist, as the thought must still be expressed, he excites his invention to an equivalent expression.

“ Mille trahens variâ secum ratione colores,
Mille modis aperire datur mentisque latebras,
Quique latent tacito arcani sub pectore motus.”

Such a practice must certainly be the best exercise for the faculties. It must also impart a knowledge of the vernacular tongue, because the pupil, while thus engaged, after all thinks in his own language.

However, my dear friend, “ *aurem vellit Apollo.*” I truly hope the consideration of the foregoing pages will convince you, that a knowledge of the dead languages is not merely an elegant, and therefore dispensable, attainment ; but an attainment of daily utility, and therefore indispensable. Should you be of this opinion, I trust you will, at your leisure, ramify and corroborate my arguments, or categorically refute them if deemed inconclusive. No one, let me assert most unaffectedly, will be more ready than myself, to abandon the old course of tuition, when a better and *easier* one shall have been pointed out.

The classic tutors of the present day are not so bigoted as to believe that the old Roman road is still a *via sacra* of perfection. On the contrary, the major part of them, while conservative of its undeniable excellencies, would, for their own sakes, if possible, render it a rail and royal road to learning, by adopting all available helps from Pestalozzi, Jacotot and other educational writers of talent. Improvement and destruction are, however, two things.

As to the QUANTUM of classical information necessary to be attained, the limits of an epistle preclude much discussion. It may be observed that, in consequence of the vast increase of scientific knowledge, indispensable to the scholar, a much less amount of Greek at least is desirable. Life is short, and art is long. Any one branch of any one of the sciences will occupy the brief space of human existence in pursuing it to its *ne plus ultra*. The time is unquestionably arrived, when pupils will cease to leave public schools, and students their Alma Mater, adepts in every thing dead, but blockheads in every thing living. What the *quantum* may be must be decreed by a higher educational tribunal. All time

that can be spared from Greek iambs and accents, might be profitably devoted to the mathematics.— This noble science, especially the geometrical department, being coeval and co-extensive with the universe, must be justly deemed ‘the sublimest of the physical sciences, and the key of nature.’ Without it, all exact knowledge and demonstration ceases; by its prosecution, the mind is habituated to patient investigation, and prepared for the reception of truth. It thereby becomes qualified to judge with soundness, argue with clearness, and to decide with safety. Every tree, flower, and animal,—in short, all created things, from the remote orb of Herschel to the mite, seems proportioned by its principles. As Ray has well observed, the muscles of the human frame alone possess more geometry than all the engines of man’s invention put together. Whatever pursuits occupy the attention, geometry, above all others, must delight the understanding, by bearing it along on the wings of truth.*

In reply to an objection, which I remember to have been made by you, viz. that Shakspeare, and several of our most estimable authors, were not Latin

* Reynard.

scholars, let me remark, there is no valid evidence to prove that their styles would not have been far superior, had they received the 'ultima basia' from the classic Muse. You will find, on analyzing their diction, that their most beautiful tropes and figures are derived from the antients. I may be permitted, in contrast to them, to bring forward a phalanx of luminaries in the church, on the bench, in the senate, and at the bar,—divines, legislators, statesmen, poets, philosophers, and heroes, who were educated under the old system, to whose worth England owes much of her present proud pre-eminence. Let the contemplation of them render us careful how we support those scholastic agitators, who, in sweeping away the cobwebs from our academic institutions, may turn the broom of reform into the besom of destruction.

Should the position be tolerably established, that the study of the classics is of daily utility as the best exercise for the faculties, as a verbal help, as a means of improving the taste, and also that without a certain acquaintance with them we cannot perfectly understand our own language, my satisfaction will be complete. It is unnecessary to indulge

further discussion in order to evince them to be the purest fountains of beautiful thought, grand expression, and correct taste; because this, *which is by far the strongest 'point d'appui,'* has been already done by the learned Beattie, and by other abler pens.

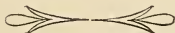
I shall conclude, therefore, by expressing a hope, that the classics, instead of falling into desuetude, will be studied, *as far as they are useful,* with greater zeal; and especially by those gentler beings, to whom, under Providence, we owe all that we enjoy, and whose education in this department has certainly, of late years, been much too limited.

With earnest petition that you will not consider me incorrigible in erroneous opinions through pedantry, prejudice, or interest, I remain,

My dear William,

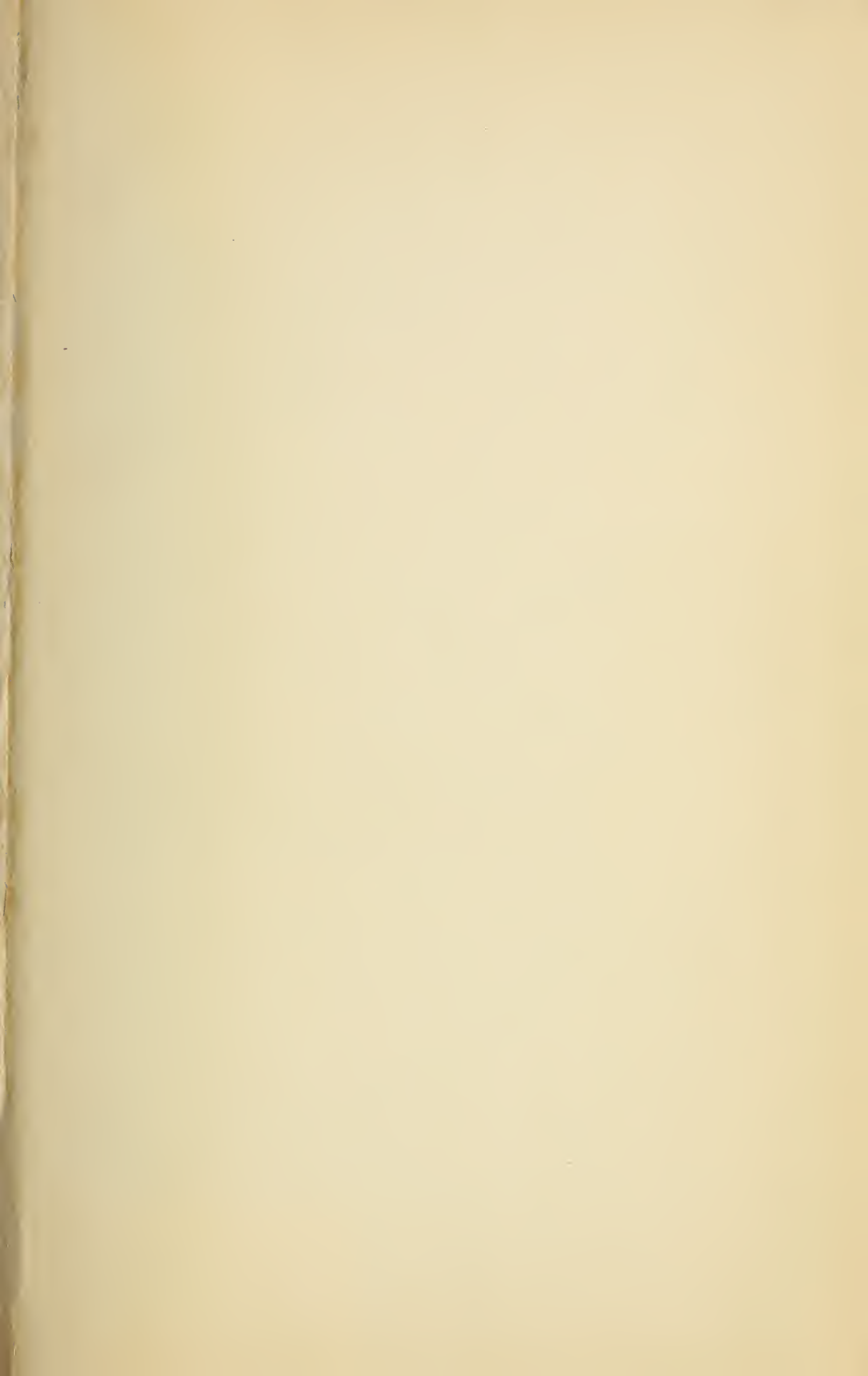
Yours ever faithfully,

PRÆCEPTOR.





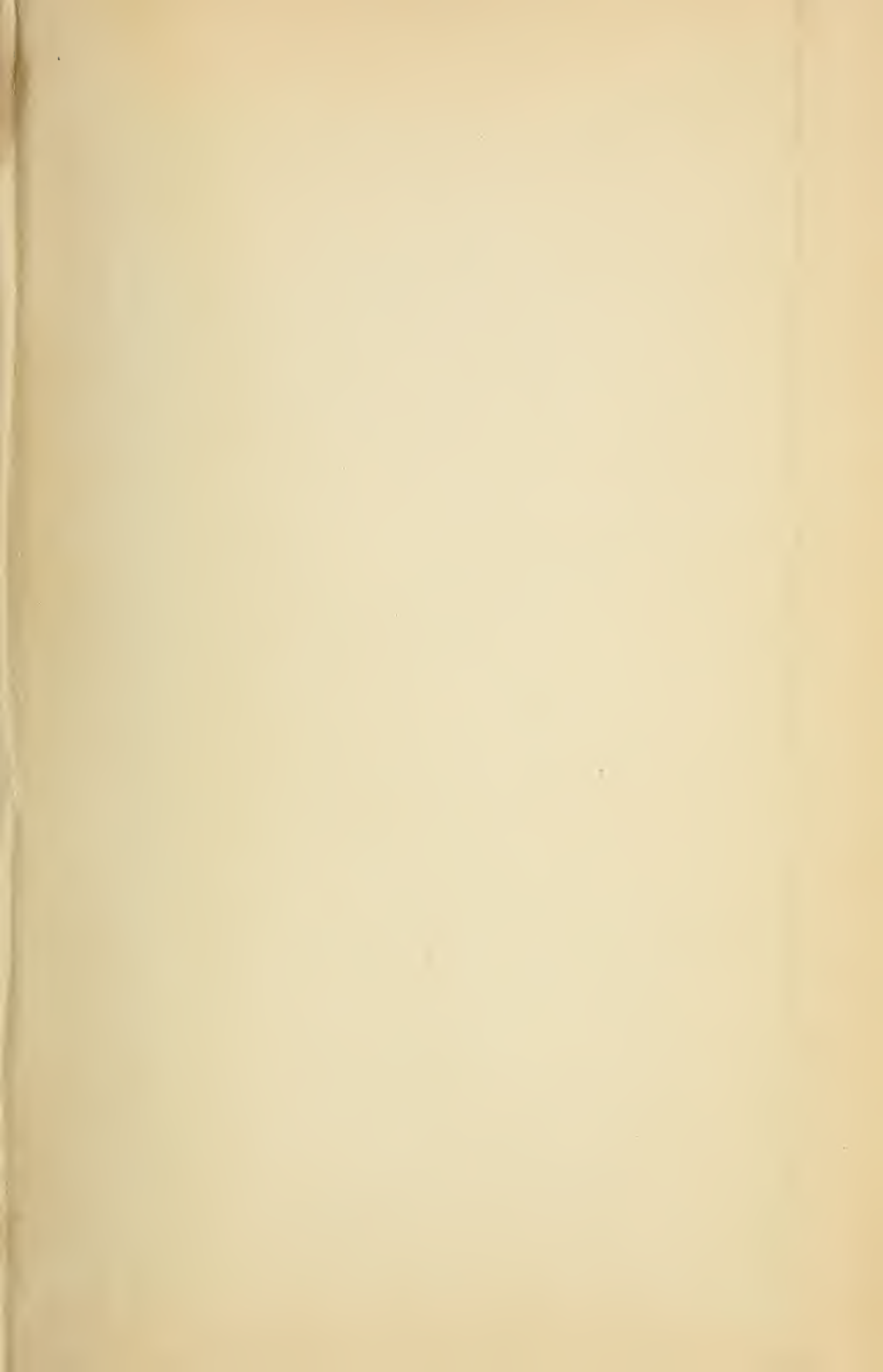
From the Press of Maurice and Co., Fenchurch Street.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 434 697 A ●